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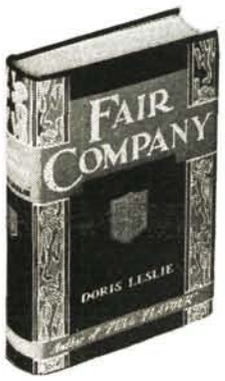

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Some Literary Celebrities

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

Howard Coster

G. K. CHESTERTON

THE first great Victorian I ever met, I met very early, though only for a brief interview: Thomas Hardy. I was then a quite obscure and shabby young writer awaiting an interview with a publisher. And the really remarkable thing about Hardy was this: that he might have been himself an obscure and shabby young writer awaiting a publisher; even a new writer awaiting his first publisher. Yet he was already famous everywhere; he had written his first and finest novels culminating in "Tess"; he had expressed his queer personal pessimism in the famous passage about the President of the Immortals. He had already the wrinkle of worry on his elvish face that might have made a man look old; and yet, in some strange way, he seemed to me very young. If I say as young as I was, I mean as simply pragmatical and even priggish as I was. He did not even avoid the topic of his alleged pessimism; he defended it, but somehow with the innocence of a boys' debating-club. In short, he was in a sort of gentle fuss about his pessimism, just as I was about my optimism. He said something like: "I know people say I'm a pessimist; but I don't believe I am naturally; I like a lot of things so much; but I could never get over the idea that it would be better for us to be without both the pleasures and the pains; and that the best experience would be some sort of sleep." I have always had a weakness for arguing with anybody; and this involved all that contemporary nihilism against which I was then in revolt; and for about five minutes, in a publisher's office, I actually argued with Thomas Hardy. I argued that non-existence is not an experience; and there can be no question of preferring it or being satisfied with it. Honestly, if I had been quite simply a crude young man, and nothing else, I should have thought his whole argument very superficial and even silly. But I did not think him either superficial or silly.

For this was the rather tremendous truth about Hardy: that he had humility. My friends who knew him better have confirmed my early impression; Jack Squire told me that Hardy in his last days of glory as a Grand Old Man would send poems to the *Mercury* and offer to alter or withdraw them if they were not suitable. He defied the gods and dared the lightning and all the rest of it; but the great Greeks would have seen that there was no thunderbolt for him, because he had no insolence. For what heaven hates is not impiety but the pride of impiety. The whole case for Hardy is that he had the sincerity and simplicity of the village atheist; that is, that he valued atheism as a truth and not a triumph. He was the victim of that decay of our agricultural culture, which gave men bad religion and no philosophy. But he was right in saying, as he said essentially to me all those years ago, that he could enjoy things, including better philosophy or religion. There come back to me four lines, written by an Irish lady in my own little paper:

> Who can picture the scene at the starry portals,
> Truly, imagination fails,
> When the pitiless President of the Immortals
> Shows unto Thomas the print of the nails?

I hope it is not profane to say that this hits the right nail on the head. In such a case, the second Thomas would do exactly what Prometheus and Satan never thought of doing: he would pity God.

I must leap a long stretch of years before I come to my meeting with the other great Victorian novelist so often bracketed with Hardy; for by that time I had made some sort of journalistic name, which was responsible for my wife and myself being invited to visit George Meredith. But even across the years, I felt the curious contrast. Hardy was a well, covered with the weeds of a stagnant period of scepticism, in my view; but with truth at the bottom of it; or anyhow with truthfulness at the bottom of it. But Meredith was a fountain. He had exactly the shock and shining radiation of a fountain in his own garden where he entertained us. He was already an old man, with the white pointed beard and the puff of white hair like thistle-down; but that also seemed to radiate. He was deaf; but the reverse of dumb. He was not humble; but I should never call him proud. He still managed to be a third thing, which is almost as much the opposite of being proud; he was vain. He was a very old man; and he was still magnificently vain. He had all those indescribable touches of a quite youthful vanity; even, for instance, to the point of preferring to dazzle women rather than men; for he talked the whole time to my wife rather than to me. We did not talk to him very much; partly because he was deaf but much more because he was not dumb. On an

Next Week

RICH LAND, POOR LAND
By STUART CHASE
Reviewed by H. S. Person

THREE WORLDS
By CARL VAN DOREN
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

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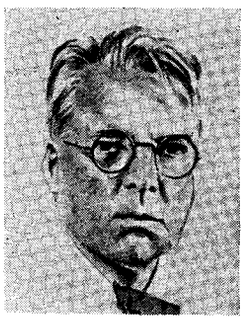
honest review, I doubt whether we could either of us have got in a word or two edgeways. He talked and talked, and drank ginger-beer, which he assured us with glorious gaiety he had learned to like quite as much as champagne.

Meredith was not only full of life, but he was full of lives. His vitality had that branching and begetting genius of the novelist, which is always inventing new stories about strange people. He was not like most old novelists; he was interested in what was novel. He did not live in the books he had written; he lived in the books he had not written. He described a number of novels that were really novel; especially one about the tragedy of Parnell. I do not think I agreed very much with his interpretation, for he held that Parnell might easily have recovered popularity, if he had been capable of wanting it; but that he was naturally secretive and solitary. But I doubt whether that Irish squire was really any more secretive than any number of speechless English squires, who were at the same moment conducting exactly the same sort of sex intrigue, and would have been equally angry and equally inarticulate if they had been discovered. Only they never were discovered. For there was no hope that the discovery might delay the deliverance of a Christian nation. But that was the quality that struck me personally about Meredith. Ever on the jump, he could jump to conclusions; so great a man could never be called superficial; but in a sense, being so swift means being superficial.

SIR JAMES BARRIE

The name of James Barrie dates also from my youth, though of course he was younger than Hardy; he has lived to be my very good friend; but he is of all friends the least egotistical; and I connect him largely with intensely interesting memories of these other men and their contemporaries. He remains especially as a witness to the greatness of Meredith; in a world which has rather strangely forgotten him; but he also told me many tales of the men I never met, such as Stevenson and Henley and Wilde. But there is one impression that has been left in my mind by such memories of such men; and that is the strangely fugitive character of the controversies even about the greatest literary men. Like anybody writing any memoirs, I find that my first difficulty is to convey how immensely important certain individuals appeared at certain epochs. For those men are no longer topics, even when they are still classics. I remember Barrie giving me a most amusing account of a violent scene of literary controversy, in which Henley hurled his crutch across the room and hit some other eminent literary critic in the stomach. That will illustrate a certain importance that seemed to attach to certain intellectual tastes and preferences. For this piece of creative critical self-expression was apparently provoked by the statement, during a discussion about Ibsen and Tolstoy, that one of these great men was great enough to hang the other on his watch-chain. But what strikes me as the grand and grim joke of the whole business, is that the narrator had apparently entirely forgotten whether Ibsen was to hang Tolstoy on his watch-chain or Tolstoy to hang Ibsen on his watch-chain. From which I venture to infer that neither of those giants now seems quite so gigantic to anybody as they then seemed to somebody.



W. B. YEATS

Of course I have only noted here a name or two, because they are the most famous; I do not even say that they are the most worthy of fame. For instance, supposing that we each keep a private collection of our pet pessimists, I have always been more intellectually impressed by A. E. Housman than by Thomas Hardy. I do not mean that I have been impressed by anybody with the intellectual claims of pessimism, which I always thought was piffle as well as poison; but it seems to me that Housman had, more than Hardy, a certain authority of great English literature; which is all the more classic because its English is such very plain English. I could never quite digest Hardy as a poet, much as I admire him as a novelist; whereas Housman seems to me one of the one or two great classic poets of our time. I have had both friends and fellowship in discontent with the socialists; indeed, I was not discontented with them about conditions with which they were discontented; but rather about the prospects with which they were contented. And there was a sort of official optimism, when the collectivist ticket-collector of the Fabian tram called out, "Next stop, Utopia," at which something in me not merely heathen was always stirred to a sympathy with the words of that high heathen genius:

> The troubles of our proud and angry dust
> Are from eternity and shall not fail.

HARDY AT 21

As everyone knows, the poet was also a professor, and one of the first authorities on the old pagan literature. I cherish a story about him which happens to concern this double character of the classical and the poetical. It may be a familiar story, it may be a false story. It describes the start of an after-dinner speech he made at Trinity, Cambridge; and whoever made it or invented it had a superb sense of style.

> This great College, of this ancient University, has seen some strange sights. It has seen Wordsworth drunk and Porson sober. And here am I, a better poet than Porson, and a better scholar than Wordsworth, betwixt and between.

I have known one or two isolated cases also of the mere man of imagination. It is always difficult to give even an outline of men of this kind; precisely because an outline is always the line at which a thing touches other things outside itself. I have already suggested very vaguely, for instance, something of the position of W. B. Yeats; but that is precisely because Yeats does touch some things outside his own thoughts; and suggests controversies about Theosophy or Mythology or Irish politics. But he who is simply the imaginative man can only be found in the images he makes and not in the portraits of him that other people make. Thus I could mention a number of detached and definite things about Mr. Walter de la Mare; only that they would not, strictly speaking, be about him. I could say that he has a dark Roman profile rather like a bronze eagle, or that he lives in Taplow not far from Taplow Court, where I have met him and many other figures in the landscape of this story. I could mention the fact that I once found a school, somewhere in the wilds of the Old Kent Road, if I remember right, where all the little girls preserved a sort of legend of Mr. de la Mare, as of a fairy uncle, because he had once lectured there ever so long ago. I've no idea what spells he may have worked on that remote occasion; but he had certainly, in the words of an elder English poet, knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road. But even a thing like this has not strictly speaking anything to do with the subject; the centre and fulness of the subject. And I have never been able to say anything that is in that

(*Continued on page* 13)

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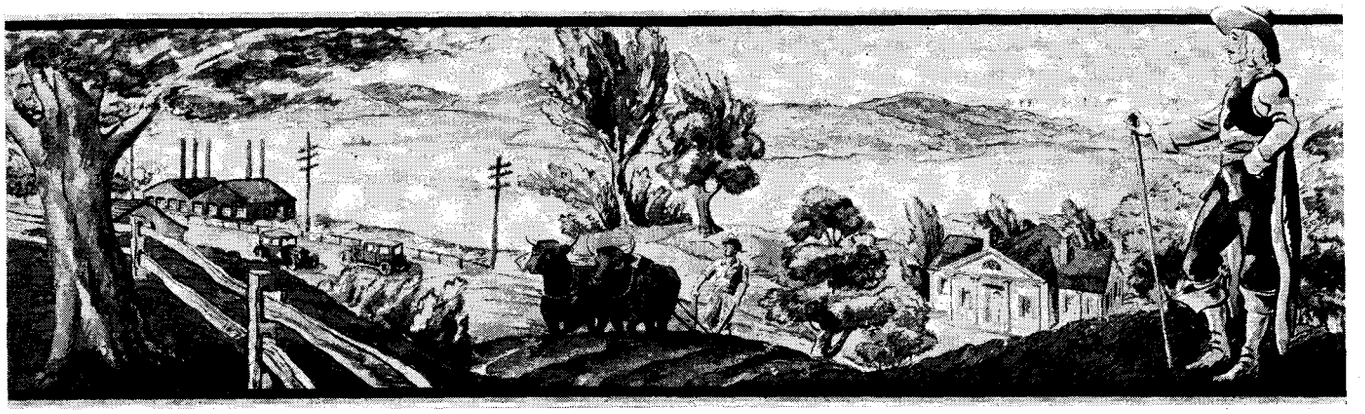

JACKET DESIGN FOR "THREE BAGS FULL."

Pageant of Upper New York

THREE BAGS FULL. By Roger Burlingame. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER D. EDMONDS

THE epidemic of regional literature that has long been raging in the South, and which recently attacked the state of Maine, seems now to be working its way into New York. Not New York City, which is constantly being covered by its own excited protagonists; but the full, rich panorama that is upstate. It is not easy for the metropolitan to recall that New York City, after the Revolution, was rapidly giving way to Philadelphia as the "first" city and that it was only saved by an upstate measure which its representatives fought, literally, to the last ditch—namely the Canal Act that started the building of the Erie Canal.

Upstate, far more than the city, has been representative of the whole of America. It has had its boom in Western land; it had its slave-holding aristocracy; it made possible and watched the passage of the immigration that in large measure settled the Middle West and the prairie country; it took a most active part in the maturing of the telegraph; its influence on railroading needs for evidence only the name New York Central. The historian of industry can find no better field for study than the main line factory towns. Agriculture, also, in a limited dimension, followed the national trend, with its westward passage of wheat.

Nor can one, I suspect, find a single state more widely mirroring the humanity of this country. It has been the home, birthplace, or incubator of innumerable religious movements, planned societies, and secret organizations, and the refuge of groups of men and women who have for generations clung to and maintained their ancestral ideals.

It is such a group that Mr. Burlingame, in his fine, full novel of the upper counties, "Three Bags Full," has chosen to portray. He is well aware of the sweep of history through his region; but his imaginary Van Huyten family and their friends, like their historical prototypes, were only vaguely aware of the events maturing beyond their little lake township. Hendrik Van Huyten first saw the lake (recognizably the one at Cazenovia) in 1795, and he fell in love with it. He brought with him his young wife, a brother-in-law of liberal instincts, and plenty of money to invest in unopened country; and his lusty nature made him picture himself as the patroon, the feudal overlord, not only of the lake, which he reserved to himself, but of the poor settlers who followed along the road he and his servants had opened.

These settlers, at the insistence of his brother-in-law, he was willing to help so long as they kept in their places. For over seventy years they had no access to the water, and during that time, he and his descendants maintained a lobby in Albany to prevent the reopening of the Indian trail that by law constituted a highway to the shore. At first the settlers were willing to accept their position and felt pride in the Van Huytens' grandeur; but as they gradually acquired financial independence, they began a stubborn struggle to assert their rights.

It took three generations before they made headway. The struggle attained a singular poignance (paralleled in more than one actual case) through the offshooting from the patroon's family of a black sheep strain. These disinherited descendants took a common name—Hooten—and married in the town, and for nearly a century held a strange position of relationship with both the "high" and the "low" parties, persecuted by the former and barely countenanced by the latter, and continually furnishing the focus in the struggle for the lake. How the struggle finally ended is the thread on which a long, powerful, and deeply moving novel is strung.

To maintain a reader's interest in a single book covering a hundred and thirty years seems to me a rare feat of writing; and Mr. Burlingame has managed it with a sure skill that does not once descend to mere dexterity. He approaches the story and carries it through with insight and compassion through the rising of each new generation. By this means he preserves a sense of the present flowing through his pages, even though his scene is a backwater of rock-ribbed conservatism.

All of his characters are flesh and blood: such lusty flesh as the original Hendrik Van Huyten, who found the lake, established the feudal tradition, and begot both lines, the high and the low. The picture of the early life of a man of established wealth in a wilderness paradise of game will not easily be forgotten. Neither will the portrait of the first black sheep, his grandson, Will Hooten, whose adventures furnish a brief but vivid glimpse of life on the Erie Canal. But best of all are the modern-day descendants, Ruth and Dick, who took the working out of the long bitterness into their own hands.

The tracing of this family's history, however, is only a piece of the book. There are the townsfolk of the slowly growing town, and better yet the family of country doctors who, generation after generation, looked after both lake shore and village street. And there is the pathetic "outlander," Mary Brice, who for years labored towards the establishment of the town's rights and who, when she was finally victorious, was so dismayed at the result of her labors that she could no longer bring herself to live upon the scene.

It seems to me that in his six hundred pages, Mr. Burlingame has presented a family of living idiosyncrasies together with the growth of a nation around them. His skill and honesty remind me inescapably of Galsworthy's in the long saga of the Forsytes. But Mr. Burlingame is American, solidly and strongly so, as is his book, for which I am glad.

Walter D. Edmonds as the author of "Rome Haul" brought the Erie Canal into fiction. His latest book, "Drums Along the Mohawk," a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, is a story of upper New York State during the Revolutionary period.

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Mr. Brett Young in His Best Vein

FAR FOREST. By Francis Brett Young. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

MR. BRETT YOUNG, as Carlyle said of Dr. Arnold, is a man of "unhasting, unresting diligence." With extreme regularity he puts forth a lengthy novel. His latest story was begun, so he tells us, last October, and finished eight months and three weeks later aboard the *S. S. Medura*. As for its style, it could also be summed up in Carlyle's phrase. It never gives you the impression that its author has any difficulty over the choice of a word, or ever has to wrestle with a paragraph. It is equable to a degree. One begins to think that even if a mighty squall had smitten the *S. S. Medura* just as Mr. Young came to his last page; if the life-boats had been smashed, the passengers maimed, the crew deranged—even then the author, unperturbed, would have completed his final sentences—

> A light breeze stirred. Though the smoke hung still, the woods shivered. Life had awakened at Nineveh again. The last of the Wildens had come home.

He would then have written Finis and reached for his life-belt.

It so happens that, of all his novels that I can remember, this one seems best suited to such a placid style. It is about a young miner turned schoolmaster and his cousin, who is a housemaid, and who—though she gives herself to two other men—loves him consistently until the last chapter, when she gets him. Both are earthy; each has been provided—since Mr. Brett Young is not deceived by earthiness—with complicated emotions and delicate passions; neither is inspirational, and both are eminently satisfying. Never has Mr. Brett Young come closer to human nature.

His detail, too, has more authority than has been the case of late. The finest piece of prose he ever wrote was about South Africa, a monotonous country; and in this book, having deserted the fantasy of the Welsh marshes for the comparative monotony of the Shropshire interior, he is very much at his ease. One of his most effective scenes takes place in the hopfields, where the housemaid meets her first lover. I need hardly say what the hopfields can do to the average English novelist: he is so overwhelmed by the possibilities of orgy which a hop-picking suggests that he forgets to study the hops. He becomes, to borrow from Lord Birkenhead, *inter opes inops*. Mr. Brett Young, however, has studied the hops very carefully; if love-making is done among them, it is done credibly. The same care extends to the habits of his other characters—the chain-makers, the farmers, the students: they may tend to be conventional, but the author seems to know them, and you feel that you know them too. In fact—though this may be a large statement about a man with such a staggering output—I doubt if Mr. Brett Young has ever written better than he has in this book.

Men in High Places

SKUTAREVSKY. By Leonid Leonov. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILSON FOLLETT

MR. LEONOV'S novel derives an extraordinary and unforeseen suggestiveness from the accident of its coming to the American public immediately after Zinoviev, Kamenev, and fourteen coadjutors faced a firing squad for counter-revolutionary activities against the government they helped create. For, as it happens, the one great fulcrum of the action in the story is just such a counter-revolutionary plot of men in the highest places. Indeed, of the two conspiracies it is the one in the work of fiction which the more resembles a circumstantial journalistic report, whereas the one in the recent foreign news suggests by comparison some improbable extravaganza of a wild invention.

The subject of "Skutarevsky" is applied science, that god-in-chief of the past decade of the Soviet ideology. Skutarevsky, the incarnation of the god, is an eccentric elderly scientist whose researches in electrophysics have long ago brought him the world-wide fame of a Millikan or a Langmuir. Born to be one of the passionate visionaries and ascetics of science, he had been seduced from his investigations by the demands of a ridiculous bourgeois wife with an ungovernable mania for collecting fake antiques. After the Revolution he had found his proper work at a standstill for lack of financial backing and equipment. Both, under the Soviet, are suddenly his without stint or limit. The new government builds him in Moscow, to his own specifications, an ultra-modern institute for electrical research. In it, with a free hand and a staff of his own choosing, he carries his work to the point where he is ready for a decisive practical experiment. But while he is buried in his work a dangerous conspiracy against it and against the state is taking form almost under his nose. Skutarevsky himself is the last to get wind of what is going on. Only the watchfulness of his energetic young proletarian assistant foils the subtle machinations of the conspirators. Their program is to sabotage the public works under their administration, throw industrial production and transportation into disorder, bring about a famine, wreck public morale thereby, and at the height of the turmoil bring about a prearranged foreign intervention.

Skutarevsky's experiment is an utter failure, and in a mood of black depression and with the feeling that he is at the end of his rope he scourges himself back to Moscow. The conspiracy has come to light in his absence, and, no thanks to him, its ringleaders are dead or in prison. He feels himself a fool as well as a failure, but his assistant, Cherimov, convinces him that he is still trusted and believed in. Does the socialist state break and discard its best for an isolated miscalculation, as Western capitalism does? (One valid answer to this question is that it does: but of course that is not Cherimov's answer, or Leonov's.) The work goes on, and Skutarevsky throws himself into it.

The book is written with power, a brilliant wit, and that terrifying sagacity which does duty for wisdom in some of the most praised modern novels. By resorting to what the motion picture industry calls "flashbacks" Leonov makes the most of every ironic contrast between past and present. He stacks the cards for Marxism with the art that all but conceals art. There can be, in the imaginative forms of literature, few more impressively ardent statements of the mad modern superstition that well-being can be manufactured wholesale for sections of the human race by reconstructing the social and economic order according to a certain formula.

The Golden Gazelle

By JOHN SCHAFFNER

DOWN a quiet Thibetan valley
hurtled too hard for a scream
a quivering sudden thing flew
like a dream
all bronze in a flash.

And there clashed as it fled
over lava and ash
two great thudding wings of a bird on its head;
there throbbed in its brain
two claws and a beak.

It poured to the sky,
glazed and limpid with pain,
a gazelle's golden eye.
It uttered no cry
no sound but the beat of the patter
of tiny horned feet
and the gentle sweet spatter
of blood
upon dust.

Swift as its flight
it stopped, shivered, and fell.
Then, a hot shriek
shot upward like light
and the eagle hung high
(gorged with brain of gazelle)
in the bell of the sky.

And the golden gazelle was a spot
in the waste of the Thibetan plain.

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Voltairianism Without Tears

VOLTAIRE. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

SINCE his conversion to Catholicism Mr. Noyes has been busily engaged in proving—to his own satisfaction—that agnostics and atheists really do not mean what they say and that they unconsciously worship the Unknown God, thereby demonstrating His existence. Now he comes forward to prove that Voltaire was a deeply religious man who has been completely misunderstood by biased rationalists during the last hundred and fifty years. Mr. Noyes has so far convinced his publishers that they positively chortle at the prospect that "many a worthy Secularist will weep to lose one of the few great men in history he felt really sure of." Here, I am afraid, the wish is father to the thought, for Mr. Noyes leaves Voltaire exactly where he always stood in the eyes of every intelligent reader of his work.

In order to soften the blow to that weeping Secularist, let me explain that Mr. Noyes is not the first person to quote Voltaire for religious propaganda purposes. As long ago as 1820 a volume was published in Paris with this explicit title: "Voltaire the Christian. Proofs drawn from his works, followed by religious and moral writings by the same author." With the possible exception of a few street corner atheists, everybody knows that Voltaire believed in God, yet Mr. Noyes is constantly belaboring some mythical "atheistical" writer for denying that fact and twisting the evidence to suit his bias. That Mr. Noyes has a bias and can twist the evidence to suit it goes without saying, but he is apparently convinced that all preceding commentators on Voltaire were prejudiced and that he alone is impartial. However, I can assure the reader that many of the "revelations" which Mr. Noyes stresses as having been intentionally ignored or suppressed by wicked rationalists are to be found in other writers, who drew from them conclusions diametrically opposed to those of Mr. Noyes.

The most flagrant example of Mr. Noyes's method of argument is his discussion of Voltaire's poem on the earthquake at Lisbon, which has been regarded as a bitterly pessimistic commentary on the theory of a beneficent Deity. Mr. Noyes quotes Lord Morley as one of those who have deliberately conveyed this false impression of the poem and accuses him of omitting the closing lines because they conflicted with his interpretation. He then supplies the missing lines and triumphantly claims that they completely refute the nasty rationalists, the general insinuation being that Mr. Noyes is the first person who has studied the poem as a whole and correctly read its true meaning. The truth, however, is that there has never been any plot to distort Voltaire's meaning by partial quotation. The lines in question are quoted in such obvious, standard biographies as those of Parton and Tallentyre. They appear in H. N. Brailsford's recent monograph in the Home University Library. Mr. Noyes devotes some eleven pages to proving his case against his predecessors, but fails to realize that they, not he, have understood the final gibe of those closing lines.

If there is one thing certain it is that Voltaire was strenuously opposed to all forms of organized religion, and particularly to the Roman Catholic Church. It is this elementary fact which puts the special pleading of Mr. Noyes, the Catholic convert, in an ironical light. A Protestant today can, with a certain logic, claim that Voltaire was "as necessary to the well-being of Christendom as the Reformation," but an admiration for Voltaire and Luther is hardly a *sine qua non* of orthodox Catholicism. In fact, as we all know, the Church's attitude towards both has been defined in no uncertain terms, and to this day the works of Voltaire are on the Index. Mr. Noyes, therefore, is in the absurd position of constantly berating free-thinkers for mistaking acts and statements of Voltaire as evidence of irreligion and anti-clericalism, because "a Catholic thinker would not thus be deceived." Well, the Catholic thinkers of his own time were very much deceived and the Church still remains so, since it is entirely due to Catholic opposition that Voltaire's reputation has been blackened to pious believers.

VOLTAIRE

The peculiar ability possessed by Catholic thinkers to interpret Voltaire is not very convincingly demonstrated by Mr. Noyes. He has tripped up Lord Morley and Tallentyre in minor errors of fact, Byron, Sainte-Beuve, and Lytton Strachey receive some sidewipes, as do the "halfwits of the literary and artistic world," for misreading and misinterpreting Voltaire's writings and actions. His secretary, Wagnière, being a Huguenot is branded as wholly unreliable, whenever his statements interfere with the theories of Mr. Noyes. Everybody will admit that a vast fund of apocryphal and unsubstantiated rumor and gossip has come down to posterity, and Mr. Noyes sifts and disposes of some of it quite effectively, but he is too prone to discredit with vaguely abusive allusions those whose point of view is not his own. And it seems to me that the influence of his English Protestant background is often more apparent than his strictly Catholic orthodoxy.

Even so, however, he is driven to such evasions as quoting evidence, admitting "it does not satisfy a Catholic," but that it "would not have satisfied Diderot, d'Alembert, d'Holbach, Grimm." Why, one naturally asks, should a Catholic bring forward an argument which he himself regards as unsatisfactory? Nor is it exactly the best proof of Voltaire's Christian faith to admit "this was not Christianity in the full sense. His greatest difficulty was the central doctrine upon which the whole religion depends—the Divinity of Christ. . . . The doctrine of the Incarnation was, for the most part, inconceivable to him." It is positively disingenuous to make as much as Mr. Noyes does of the fact that one Christmas at Cirey Voltaire listened to midnight Mass. Christmas music and church observances have long since ceased to be evidences of piety or the exclusive possession of those who literally believe. Otherwise, audiences for Handel's "Messiah" would be strictly limited.

Another of the devices employed by Mr. Noyes is to minimize the actual persecutions and exactions of the Church in Voltaire's time, and to speak of the "tenth-rate ecclesiastical exponents" of religion with which he had to deal. I do not know what then constituted a first-rate ecclesiastic, but the exponents of Christianity whom Voltaire confronted were powerful enough to refuse burial in consecrated ground to Adrienne Lecouvreur, because she was an actress, and to Voltaire because he would not recant. They were first-rate enough to celebrate as a festival the date of a massacre of Protestants at Toulouse, to break Jean Calas on the wheel and strangle him, to persecute Sirven, to behead the Chevalier de la Barre. This was the kind of religion with which Voltaire had to contend, so that it is hardly surprising, if rather naive, to conclude, as Mr. Noyes does, that he cannot be enclosed "in any religious formula," and that he "found it easier to say what God is not, than what God *is*." In a word, Voltaire was an agnostic Deist, so the weeping Secularist can safely dry his tears.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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On Being Open-Minded

THE late G. K. Chesterton, in his forthcoming autobiography of which an extract appears on another page, says of his brilliant compatriot, H. G. Wells: "I think he thought that the object of opening the mind is simply opening the mind. Whereas I am incurably convinced that the object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid." Mr. Chesterton's usual heterodoxy! Far from it, rather plain common sense which in theory at least there can be few to dispute. For surely everyone must be ready to admit that open-mindedness is without signal merit unless it leads to having a mind of one's own. To hold judgment flexible to persuasion is all very well but only if ultimately it is to be persuaded of something. Some virtue there is in intolerance—in a good, hearty closed-mindedness that sturdily refuses to hold truck with what seems bad, or unworthy, or merely peculiar, that, having made its decisions by open-minded observation of facts, has formed a standard of judgment which serves as a touchstone to merit. To be open-minded is a consummation devoutly to be striven for, but no more to be regarded as an absolute good than liberty which does not know how to stop short of license. It must have focus or it is nothing.

Part of the trouble with our civilization today is that it is too open-minded, too ready to lend countenance in life and literature to the wild and the visionary, the eccentric and the exaggerated. In a world which is watching—fortunately in America still from a distance—two philosophies of government at grips, each maintaining itself with similar tyranny, it behooves men to be open-minded of course, but it behooves them also to have a philosophy of their own. Otherwise they are as plants swaying in the breeze, blown now this way and now that, unable to oppose a stiff front to the buffets of excess. So much of our liberalism today is sentimental and emotional rather than reasonable and reasoned that it all too often evaporates in unreason. One has only to look through the literature of the post-war years to see how many indignations, how many passions, indeed, have already been spent, how opinion, pliant to propaganda, has under the name of open-mindedness revoked judgments some of which at least were rooted in unchanging qualities. For though morals may alter with conventions, ethics still remain ethics and the rightness and wrongness of certain events are still to be gauged by the conscience of humanity. We have small patience, for instance, with those who, upholding the banner of open-mindedness, see no difference between the aggressor and the attacked in the late war, between the onus for the precipitation of the war and the responsibility for the deeper causes underlying it. If open-mindedness is to be shorn of its chiefest virtue, which is to serve as a basis for discrimination, then open-mindedness becomes merely an attitude of mind instead of a spring of conduct.

Take literature, again, for example. The very lifeblood of a vital literature is change and experiment, a becoming as well as a being. Any literature that is not expressing itself in the terms of its day and its place is stagnant or drying up. There is nothing better for letters than an attempt at new forms, at new themes, at new manners of presentation. And any group that is not hospitable toward honest experimentation is not worth its salt as a reading public. But to be open-minded to the new and the tentative is one thing, and to be open-minded to the bizarre or the sensational is another. If merely by reason of being novel or arresting a book is to lay claim to respectful attention, then all literature is rendered the poorer of standards of comparison. There is much written today that is not worth the paper it is printed on—we do not mean the light novel which, no matter how frothy, may at any rate serve its purpose as entertainment, and which at least makes no pretensions to being literature, but fiction and poetry and doctrinal matter that have nothing but an attempt to startle to recommend them. It may be charity but surely it is scarcely the part of those who have faith in literature to be open-minded toward them, and certainly in this case faith is a greater virtue than charity.

Open-mindedness which means detachment from dogma, an ability to examine the findings of the past in the light of the present, to modify opinion in accordance with changing knowledge, and an eager interest in what the moment has to offer, is the goal toward which enlightened sentiment in all fields is striving. But that it should be a constructive and active force the object of open-mindedness must be more than open-mindedness; "the object of opening the mind," to repeat Mr. Chesterton's phrase, "is to shut it again on something solid." Whether in letters, or politics, or society open-mindedness only has value if it is based on an intolerance of what is dross. The open mind must shut within itself definite standards before it can itself have power.

The Vision of the Scholar Twentieth century Cambridge and tercentennial Harvard, representative of the most liberal and progressive that American scholarship has to offer, affords an almost medieval spectacle in the assemblage of learned men gathered together to debate recent findings in their respective fields. Such a gathering of the pundits is not of our day where learning has come down from the high places to the simplifications of the daily press and the understanding of the man in the street but of that earlier time when scholars consorted with scholars and spoke in the language of erudition. And yet it is one of these very learned ones who has the imaginative instinct—and the poetic quality—which, like the child's or the poet's, endows the world of reality about him with the transforming light of the fairy tale. Here is Mr. Malinowski, the great anthropologist, talking of the city of New York:

> The enormous yet elegant monsters blinking at me through their thousand starry eyes, breathing white steam, giants which crowded in fantastic clusters over the smooth waters of the river, stood before me; the living, dominating realities of this new culture. . . .

Thus should the scholars come to the people, and invest them with their vision.

Ten Years Ago

Henry Noble MacCracken reviewed Bertrand Russell's "Education and the Good Life" in *The Saturday Review* of September 11th, 1926. Summing up Bertrand Russell's character as presented in these essays Mr. MacCracken concluded that it was the "*quality of good cheer in all his controversial writings*," the "*mixture of radicalism and good taste . . . imperturbable good temper amid situations and issues that would embitter anyone else*" that gave "*Russell his hold upon the young people.*" The reviewer did not agree with many of the author's opinions on philosophy, sociology, parenthood, or education. In this last connection, he pointed out that it was not so much the American system of education which Mr. Russell resented, but any system "*by which the aim of a group, family, or nation controls and restricts the aims of the individual.*" "*The American school and college,*" answered Mr. MacCracken, "*is probably oversocialized; but it certainly affords a palæstra for the habit of getting along with one another.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *The Author of "Sparkenbroke" Replies to His Critic*

Charles Morgan to Wilson Follett

SIR:—Some months have passed—long enough, perhaps, for this to be received by you, not as a reply to criticism, but simply as a letter on a subject that interests us both. The odd thing is that although, in your review of "Sparkenbroke," you differed, or seemed to differ, from me much more profoundly than anyone else, and although what you wrote affected me much more than a thousand hysterical attacks could have done, I had, when I read your article, an intuition that, if we knew each other, we should differ very little and that, on the subject of this book, there was a genuine misunderstanding between us. Let people whose whole outlook on life differs from mine attack me as they will, but I can't endure that a man who, I believe, has much in common with me should think that I hold opinions that are, as a matter of fact, flatly opposed to everything I care for in life.

I am not a disillusioned intellectual. I am not an escaper from life. I am not a taster of sensations. I have never been bored and should despise myself if I were. It is true that I don't fear death—but please believe that I don't glorify it as an end in itself. My point is that it isn't a *stop* at all—certainly not some glorious form of sensual intoxication and certainly not to be desired as an alternative to life. I think of it as "an incident in a continuous immortality." It is a part of life—and life to me is, for all its superficial distresses and discomforts, so rich and magnificent an experience that I regard it as being, in a sense, a symbol, hint, intuition, of its own extension: as if you were looking at an acorn and said: "here's the oak." "That's what I have tried to say in "Sparkenbroke." I have never pretended that "his self-destroying weaknesses are his unique powers" or "held him up to idolatry." He did believe—as other mystics have done—that he had, in his youth, almost seen through death into an extension and intensification of mortal life, and he was continually seeking for a renewal of this ecstasy, not in repudiation of life but in desire, as it were, to verify and exalt life. He failed continually; his failures are recognized by him and by me; "all sins are one sin—hardness of heart"—*sic*, arid intellectualism, distrust—all the things you hate and I hate; "all failures are failures of the imagination"—*e.g.*, his failure to love Mary as he might have loved her. When at last he does, through death, re-enter the ecstasy he has dreamed of, his death isn't an escape, a joy in itself; it means for me, simply, that life, like a mother, pardons him his betrayals of her and takes him into her arms again.

Believe anything you will of me but not that I am a modern defeatist, sprung from the school of Joyce and Huxley. What I am trying to say to a reader is, roughly: "For God's sake, don't whine about life or rebel against it because there are things (death included) that frighten you. See it whole and accept and love it whole—not only the bit of it this side of the grave but all of it. And the way to perceive the wholeness and unity of it is not to stay on the surface of its joys and its horrors but to plunge into its spiritual essence if you can. This life is an inland sea. Don't bob about on the surface complaining that it gives a rough passage. The depths of it are calm and it is one with the oceans as certainly as the Mediterranean is one with the Atlantic—through the Straits of Gibraltar."

I am sorry if I have wearied you. Heaven knows, my book was long enough without my adding to it. I review for *The Times* myself and if every author wrote to me as I have written to you, life would become impossible. But I haven't written to dispute your ruling and certainly not to resent your criticism. But what you said has lived in my mind. It was as if there were a man in the world who honestly believed that I hated children or despised flowers or adhered to some other vileness or arrogance that is contrary to my whole nature. There has never been a man more on his knees to the wonder of life than I am. I couldn't have it that you should think the contrary evil of me without making one attempt to deny it. That's why I write this. If you show it to others, it will make an easy laugh for them; a professional journalist ought, I suppose, to have more wisdom than to send it. Still, you would scarcely have written with so much care and feeling about my book if the ideas it discusses had not been of interest to you, whatever the demerits of the story itself; so the letter shall go. It is written in the midst of preparations for a holiday; hence this odd manuscript paper.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES MORGAN.

"I WARN YOU, MADAM, IT DOESN'T END HAPPILY."

"Most Important" Books by Women

SIR:—May I solicit the courtesy of your columns for a comment on the list of one hundred "most important" books written by women during the last century? "A representative committee of college presidents and a book council of widely known authors," according to the daily press, thought "The Leavenworth Case," truly a good mystery yarn, better than anything Ellen Glasgow had written, or at least more important. What is "The Sheltered Life" compared in importance with "St. Elmo," another world-shaking selection!

The work of this "representative" group deserves to rank with the discrimination of the Pulitzer awards committee, which has persistently ignored Miss Glasgow. Even Agnes Repplier, long our most brilliant essayist, is mentioned only for her "Père Marquette," which, however beautifully written and however competent as biography, does not represent her work at its best. If this sort of thing were for domestic consumption alone, no importance need attach to it; the trouble is that the selection is to be exhibited abroad.

SILAS BENT.

Old Greenwich, Conn.

Letters Wanted

SIR:—The Doctor Irene Sargent Memorial Association is preparing for publication an account of Dr. Sargent's activities and would be happy to receive whatever information your readers can give, and to borrow such letters and documents as they may be able to lend.

RUTH GREY.

609 East Willow Street,
Syracuse, N. Y.

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Watch Your A. B.'s

WAS COLLEGE WORTH WHILE? By John R. Tunis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936.

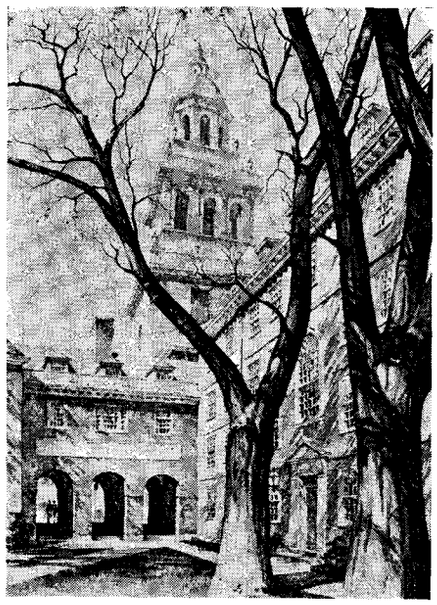
Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

THIS is a good piece of statistical reporting. Some hundreds of American men of forty-five years of age, alumni of Harvard, Yale, and Princton, reply to questionnaires on the occasion of their twenty-fifth anniversary of graduation. The results are not impressive. Mr. Tunis is disappointed that with such exceptional advantages these young men have not been more distinguished in American life, that, in fact, the proportion of leaders does not markedly surpass that shown in similar statistics from the University of Nebraska. The only startling variation is that a much higher percentage (87) of Harvard 1911 is married than of Nebraska 1911 (67). This seems incredible. Still more surprising is the fact reported, that college graduate wives have more children and far fewer divorces than wives without college education. Yet these facts appear in all three reports.

On the whole, however, the evidence points to the conclusion, that undergraduate education leaves little trace behind in the great social drives of subsistence, family life, career, and creative achievement. One-third of Harvard 1911 report all their college courses worthless. Nearly one-half (41%) say no professor had any influence on them. One man admits: "a Greek professor influenced me, but I cannot remember the name." "Towsig" and "Lowel" were also influences. Incidentally, Mr. Tunis reports that few can spell correctly, and that the style of the "vast majority" is "that of a grammar school boy."

Every page, in fine, of the whole book reveals Harvard 1911 as typical Americans, neither better nor worse than the rest of their countrymen. Yet in 1911 this university possessed a faculty of distinguished scholarship. The explanation may be that distinguished scholars are rarely good teachers at the undergraduate level, that indeed they are apt to despise the art of teaching. Far more likely, however, is the theory that the real drives of American life, success, material satisfactions, comfort, superiority of earlier native stock in social scales, together with the loss of earlier drives, religion, frontier survival, patriotism, filial emulation, all work against maintenance of a cultural life on higher levels than the rest of the community; while economically the group is prosperous, and its one real motive is to remain so.

No evidence is afforded of heredity or native ability, no inkling of the effect of environment. With these factors unreported, all one can say is that the group is Republican, city-minded, cynical, not interested in political leadership, but centered on increase of group privilege; all of which was to be expected. Those who think that education is merely the chemical tray-bath which "fixes" the pattern already impressed on the blank film by heredity and environment will not be surprised.



LOWELL HOUSE
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
Drawing by Constantin A. Pertzoff

Henry Noble MacCracken is president of Vassar College.

When Musical Energy Explodes

HOT JAZZ. The Guide to Swing Music. By Hugues Panassié. Translated by Lyle and Eleanor Dowling from "Le Jazz Hot." New York: M. Witmark & Sons. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by SIGMUND SPAETH

THIS book, which announces itself as "the complete, authoritative work on swing . . . its great performers, its great recordings, its great achievements," will immediately antagonize many a potential reader by the bland jacket-blurb which calls swing music "America's newest and greatest art form."

Even before the end of the Roman numerals, the translators have added the information that Louis Armstrong is "certainly the greatest of all hot musicians and quite possibly the greatest living musician of any kind." Do they mean creative or interpretative musicians, or both? That is, are we to consider "Satchmo" Armstrong greater than Richard Strauss, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Stravinsky, Sibelius, Shostakovitch, Casella, and Gershwin? Or merely greater than Kreisler, Paderewski, Heifetz, Horowitz, Iturbi, Stokowski, and Toscanini?

There has been much talk about swing music, and for a time the purveyors of jazz succeeded in covering up the obvious fact that it is nothing more than a revival of the old, crude, raucous improvisations that assaulted our ears before the end of the World War. The only difference is that the modern instrumentalists play better.

M. Panassié's treatment of this commonplace explosion of musical energy as a serious art should at least prove an amusing volume. Unfortunately it is nothing of the sort. Most of it reads like a dictionary, a telephone book, and a catalogue of records rolled into one. When he is not merely listing names and records, he is floundering about in a sea of vague esthetic terminology, none of which makes much sense. After more than three hundred pages, he arrives at the conclusion that hot jazz is impossible to describe or define, that it can be played only by those who are divinely gifted, and appreciated only by those who possess special instincts and intuitions.

Among his sage observations one finds "It is much harder to improvise something interesting on *nothing at all* than to improvise on a given theme, guided by background harmonies and following a definite rhythm." He devotes a whole chapter to Louis Armstrong, reaching a climax when he calls him "not only a genius in his own art, but one of the most extraordinary creative geniuses that all music has ever known. "This lets in Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner, not to speak of such lesser lights as Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Haydn, and Chopin.

"There are a great many competent people who rate James P. Johnson among the three or four best pianists in the world." That leaves out even Gieseking, Harold Bauer, Josef Hofmann, Levitzki, Lhevinne, Godowsky, Myra Hess, Petri, and Ignace Friedman. M. Panassié finally arrives at "the best woman singer of the white race, Mildred Bailey." Perhaps this can be kept a secret from Rosa Ponselle, Lily Pons, Kirsten Flagstad, and a few others.

To the very end of his fat and pompous book, M. Panassié seems totally unaware that jazz is not a kind of music, but merely a way of playing music, that it represents the unique phenomenon of a modern, spohisticated folk-music, with all the elements of the primitive type, monotony of rhythm, simplicity of melody, the spirit of improvisation, and exaggerated tone colors. Nor does he seem to recognize the obvious fact that jazz produces its effects by simply distorting the conventions of music.

Unquestionably jazz is an interesting and exciting phase of modern life; M. Panassié has succeeded in making it unutterably dull and tedious.

Sigmund Spaeth, writer, musician, and lecturer, is music editor of McCall's Magazine, *and author of "The Art of Enjoying Music," a number of anthologies of song, and other works on music.*

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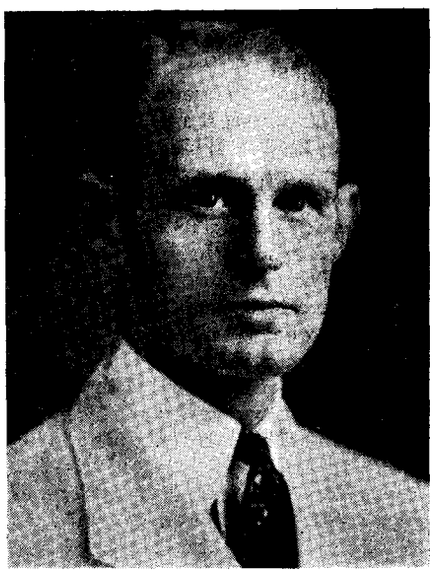
A Striking First Novel

THE LONG NIGHT. By Andrew Lytle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. LYTLE, one of the agrarian essayists who rally round the cultural standard of the late Confederacy, has offered as an exhibit in evidence for his argument one of the finest first novels of recent years. No doubt a good second novel is considerably rarer than a good first novel, but the qualities Mr. Lytle displays are not those that vanish in one skyrocket flare of autobiographical reminiscence. His story goes back to the South just before and during the Civil War, and he tells it with a somber intensity that carries the reader into the night and the woods along with his protagonist.



ANDREW LYTLE

It is the story of Cameron McIvor, whose father was framed and murdered by rural gangsters in Alabama in 1859, and who devoted his life to the single-handed pursuit of vengeance. A boy not yet grown, morally supported by relatives who lived at a distance but fighting an underground organization that had terrorized a whole region, he had to live in the woods, work in the dark, strike with sudden stealth, and retreat to the caves and the cane brakes. In these chapters Mr. Lytle displays either superb woodcraft or, more probably, a superb imagination; there is still wild country in Tennessee and Alabama but there can hardly be enough of it to give a modern writer first-hand experience of the sort of country in which Cameron McIvor hid. This whole visualization of a dead-and-gone countryside and culture is vivid and powerful; and the more remarkable in that the author seems to have deliberately avoided the great plantations and languishing ladies that are the material of the conventional novel of the Old South.

Then came the war and Cameron McIvor went into the army—at first, to go on the more easily with his work of vengeance, since most of his victims were in the army too. But gradually the public crisis began to overshadow his private monomania, with an outcome which it would be unfair to disclose.

As for the quality of the chapters on army life, it need only be said that they reminded this reviewer of similar passages in "War and Peace." Nearly a fourth of the book is taken up with an account of the battle of Shiloh; and if Mr. Lytle has not learned from Tolstoy the technique of shifting interest from individuals to masses, from the small to the great, from Cameron McIvor to Albert Sidney Johnston and Pierre G. T. Beauregard and back again, then he has it by the gift of God. Purely as the story of a battle, Lytle's Shiloh seems as good as Kantor's Gettysburg; with the added merit that Kantor's protagonist seemed to this reviewer hardly more than a moving camera, while Lytle's hero is a living boy with his own personal interests. But there are excellent camp scenes, too—an account of the roasting of a pig by a camp fire which will make any reader get up restlessly to see what there is in the ice box; and the tale of a horse race in 1839, told by a Kentucky horse lover, that will stir you even if you care no more about horse racing than about tiddledy-winks.

Any novel of the ante-bellum South, this year, provokes comparison with "Gone With the Wind"; and in this case, as in some of Plutarch's comparisons of Greek and Roman worthies, both can come out with credit. Page by page, "The Long Night" is unquestionably better; it has consistently an intensity of feeling, and what Gilman Hall used to call a vivacity of visualization, to which Miss Mitchell rises only in a few big scenes. "Gone With the Wind," however, is three times as long; and it requires a remarkable talent to sustain so well a narrative of such length and complexity. Mr. Lytle has not yet mastered his proportions, even in a short book; the Shiloh episode, magnificent as it is and important in Cameron McIvor's development, takes up so much space that it throws the whole book out of plumb. On the other hand, he individualizes his characters much more convincingly; in "Gone With the Wind," as in most novels of the Old South, the gentlemen, barring one or two on whom the author's interest is concentrated, are as indistinguishable as chorus men. (The ladies too, but in their case history bears out fiction somewhat better; perhaps their peculiar culture did standardize them.) Most of Lytle's people are a cut below the gentry class, and it may be that among farmers there was more diversity; but his gentlemen as well as his farmers are live human beings, not mere figures in a historical tapestry.

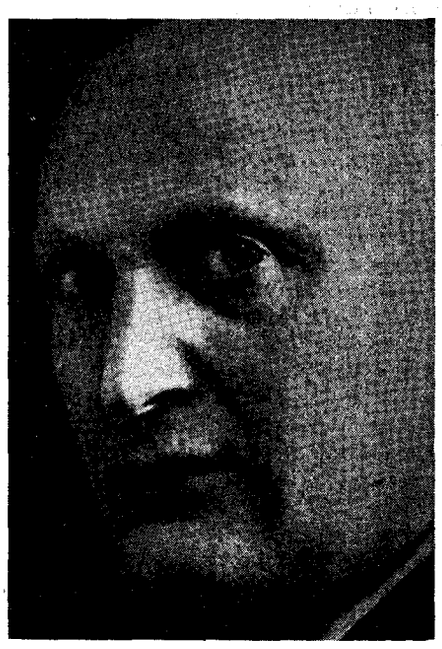
The Saga of an Industrial City

THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI. By I. J. Singer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by LEON CRYSTAL

FROM now on I. J. Singer will never again be classed with the so-called "racial" writers whose works are usually accorded the condescending blessings of the professional reviewers and are then turned over to students of obscure literature and folk-lore addicts. With his new novel "The Brothers Ashkenazi"—in an excellent translation from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel—this Jewish author has arrived as a mature modern realist with a keen humor, an eager seriousness, and uncannily-retentive powers of observation for everything that is vital. His eloquence as a narrator, his artistic and intellectual range, as well as his very subject matter, make his present novel important reading.

The main action of "The Brothers Ashkenazi" takes place in the Polish city of Lodz, "The Manchester of Eastern Europe," with the twin-brothers Max and Yacob Ashkenazi as the central characters. Max, who is only one minute older than his brother and undistinguished in appearance, is brilliant, industrious, and unscrupulous, while Yacob is mediocre, easy-going, handsome, and extremely personable. The older brother climbs the ladder of success with a fanatical single-mindedness and attains the position of the uncrowned industrial king of Lodz, but it is the younger one who lives in regal splendor. Max marries the romantic Dinah, who has a distinct affinity for Yacob, but twenty years later Yacob marries his brother's daughter, who pos-



I. J. SINGER

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sesses all the charms of her mother and is so many years younger. And in the end the mediocre Yacob dies brilliantly like a gallant hero while his brilliant brother wastes away in dark and dull agonies.

But "The Brothers Ashkenazi" is more than a story about individual human beings and their destinies. It is even far more than an epic of Jewish life, because many of its characters are non-Jewish—Germans, Poles, Russians—and the moving forces behind them are economic, industrial, and political. It is the saga of the birth, growth, and decay of a great industrial city as well as the story of the inception and upsurge of the class struggle that is now sweeping the world. "The Brothers Ashkenazi" is a vivid and arresting kaleidoscopic view of a century of progress and disaster, beginning with the industrial migration (of German weavers into Poland) after the Napoleonic wars and culminating in the economic collapse, revolution, and inflationary plague that descended upon most of the European countries in the wake of the last world-débâcle.

It is, indeed, a novel of far-reaching social significance. It is intrinsically so, but at no time does its author sacrifice any of his artistic veracity in order to make a point or project a message. He does not stoop, or stop, to sentimentalize over any of his characters. He does not lionize the enterprising resourceful industrialist or glorify the class-conscious proletarian, and his fellow-Jews do not fare with him any better than do the Russians, Poles, or Germans. And his gentile characters, whom he knows as intimately as his own kin, find themselves so involved in worldly affairs that they are not at all disposed to practise brotherly love and good will to men in accordance with the Christian teachings.

In the space of more than six hundred pages of this book, scores of characters come to life, real and unadorned. Here we meet Jews who combine piety with business acumen, peasant-like and astute German industrial pioneers, labor leaders, intellectual socialist propagandists, radicals and patriots, and a host of others.

The appearance of "The Brothers Ashkenazi" is a particularly exciting literary event, because I. J. Singer is still a young writer and a comparatively recent find. Having attracted considerable attention several years ago with a short story called "Pearls" and then with one entitled "Ye Olde Towne," he became one of the hopes of the Yiddish literary realm. With his novel "Yoshe Kalb" (published in an English translation as "The Sinner") he justified this hope to a great extent. A successful Yiddish stage version of "Yoshe Kalb" brought him popularity and acclaim, but only in "The Brothers Ashkenazi" has he revealed himself as an accomplished novelist.

Leon Crystal is a writer on the staff of the Jewish Daily Forward *and the editor of its Sunday paper.*

A Scholar with Imagination

ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION. By John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

IN the annals of American scholarship a new work by John Livingston Lowes is an event. The essays here gathered were, in the first instance, addressed not to an audience of specialists, but to groups interested in the larger aspects of particular literary problems. Two of them, "The Noblest Monument of English Prose" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" stand out even in the work of Professor Lowes. They cover a wide range and raise the problem, "What is the secret of the important influence which Professor Lowes has exercised upon the teaching and study of English literature in America?"

He differs from many of the teachers

CHAUCER

and scholars of his generation in possessing a far higher degree of imaginative insight into the creative process. Many of our scholars, hypnotized by the scientific method, believed that they were reaching the essence of a work of art by sheer processes of dispassionate analysis. They took a poem apart and considered these parts in the dry light of reason. They would trace a reference or situation in the plot to its ultimate historical source. Lowes, too, has been a master of this method; indeed in source hunting no one has surpassed his analysis of the elements that went into the making of "Kubla Khan." But unlike so many of his contemporaries, Lowes was never satisfied with having laid out the *disjecta membra* of a poem. He knew that its esthetic effectiveness, its value as literature, was not to be found by the application of this process alone. He himself remained fundamentally a romanticist in an age when anything that savored of the romantic was at a heavy discount. He was interested in those attitudes, emotions, and sentiments of the writer, which tended to give his works their life and rhythm and their esthetic quality. That is why his natural preferences seem to have run to Chaucer, to the English Bible, to Bunyan, to Coleridge; and it is in dealing with such work that he has been most successful. Whether he would have been equally happy in dealing with a Pope or Voltaire, must be left an open question. His own style, again unlike that of many contemporary scholars, was, therefore, never arid, or abstract.

"The Noblest Monument of English Prose" is, of course, the St. James Version of the English Bible, and Professor Lowes is interested in getting down to the problem of how this work of many collaborators achieved its unity of tone, how it happened to take the form it did, and why it has cast so powerful a spell over English literature, and, in the wider sense, over what we might call the English cultural consciousness. None of the briefer studies of this great monument is any more illuminating than his. He does not tell us,—with all that is implied in his essay, perhaps he did not need to,—that the world's most outstanding example of literary coöperation owed its unity as well as its poetry to the fires and forces of history that had welded and shaped it. It represents the most exalted moment in the Protestant consciousness of England, perhaps of Western Europe, and long before Santayana, critics have been conscious of the particularly intimate relation between religion and poetry. This gave it its consistently lofty rhythms and its unfailing poetic accent of ultimate conviction. That is also why, considering the Bible as literature, no group of scholars or men of letters today, no matter how much more competent as specialists in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, could give us a book of equal religious, or indeed literary, significance.

In dealing with Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress" Professor Lowes has been particularly happy. He is asking himself why this work by a tinker's unlettered son has retained its vitality, has kept its place as literature? Why do these stock allegorical characters, these seemingly commonplace incidents and landscapes still move the reader? Why do they remain real, vivid, and moving when thousands of allegories by seemingly abler hands have become weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable? The answer he finds, thanks to the discoveries of modern psychology, in Bunyan's experience. Bunyan's is a psychopathic case. In the years when his mind and soul were in

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terrible travail, when he was feverishly sick with the religious problem, he had walked along these country lanes, had seen stiles, sloughs, meadows, and persons. They burned themselves into his imagination, he actually saw them as in a vision; and under such circumstances, as the modern psychologist knows, our faculties are preternaturally acute. Bunyan's characters, for all their allegorical names, were really seen and heard by him, did actually have hands and feet and voices.

Professor Lowes's essay on Chaucer is in a sense a brief statement of the conclusions to be drawn from his larger volume which is familiar to all workers in that field.

If Mr. Lowes's distinctive qualities are responsible for successes which none of his contemporaries can match, they are also responsible for some of his weaknesses. These are most evident in an essay like "Two Readings of Earth," where he is dealing with Hardy and Meredith. When Professor Lowes is discussing the really great masters, his style is in key with his subject. This particular essay, where he is dealing with figures who have not yet been set into historical perspective, seems over-written. He is trying to pull Hardy and Meredith up to the highest level of literary excellence. He tells us that there "has never been in English letters, at least since Shakespeare, a genius more essentially pictorial than Thomas Hardy's and in 'The Dynasts' it is at the culmination of its power." "Not even Swift himself has more remorselessly depicted human weaknesses." Here Professor Lowes allows himself to be too easily moved, and over-statements like the above are followed by passages of over-writing like the following:

> I know nothing in its fashion more Titanic than that huge stage on which no longer the stars in secret influence comment, but Phantasms—Phantasms which are themselves hovering projections, like the dilated pattern of lantern-rays against the tent-shaped sky, of the finite Intelligences resident in the cheese-mite animalcules below. It is the irony within irony, for the watchers and the watched are each the simulacrum of the other, and alike inhere in —what?

In an essay pitched in so high a key, some of the quotations from Hardy's poems strike strangely discordant notes. The reader is asked to admire lines like:

> The years-heired feature that can
> In curve and voice and eye
> Despise the human span
> Of durance—that is I.

They indicate too patently Hardy's weakness. Though it is still heresy in certain quarters to say so, the man who wrote "The years-heired feature" was for all his other qualities sadly deficient in one whole side of the poet's necessary equipment. No amount of philosophy can supply this deficiency. Hardy was perhaps the most vital contemporary influence upon Professor Lowes's generation. We owe him much and it is unkind to pick any leaf from the crown of laurel which he richly deserves. I am afraid, however, that the future literary historian, the John Livingston Lowes of the year two thousand, seeing Hardy in larger perspective, will not rank him, as novelist, in the company of Balzac or Dostoievsky or Dickens, and will not speak of his verse in the same terms and rhythms which they reserve for the grand old masters.

Christian Gauss, for many years dean of Princeton College, has taught and written much on the literature of modern languages.

Mail Order Town

CATALOGUE. By George Milburn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. MILBURN in this novel seeks to reveal the life of a small Oklahoma community by the ingenious device of tracing the effects upon it of a shipment of mail-order catalogues. But the device is rather mechanical than organic; and though each chapter is headed by a quotation from a catalogue, the reader soon skips these to get on with the story, which could be told without such adornments. The method is the method of glimpses of interlocking lives. There is the inevitable lynching of the inevitably guiltless negro, and there is a town banker, vividly seen, but given a role reminiscent of that of the mortgage-holder in old-fashioned melodrama. These flaws aside, the tale is plausible and shrewd. The author has caught with remarkable fidelity the speech of the region, through which he dramatizes both the sordor and the humor of regional life.

GEORGE MILBURN

Possibly Mr. Milburn sacrificed too much to what in the beginning looked like a very useful key to community life, but the novelty of the scheme forced him back on a series of sketches; the population of the community is therefore an accumulation of these sketches; and the sketches, though vivid and true, nowhere strike deep and permanent values. Mr. Milburn's gift for portraiture and his sympathetic insight into the lives which have interested him make me a little sorry that he has not taken the time to write a more penetrating novel.

Some Literary Celebrities

(*Continued from page* 4)

sense about the subject. The nearest I could ever come to judging imaginative work in that sense would be simply to say this: that if I were a child, and somebody said to me no more than the two words "Peacock Pie," I should pass through a certain transforming experience. A sacramental instinct within me would give me the sense that there was somewhere and somehow a substance, gorgeously colored and good to eat. Which is indeed the case.

But among these literary figures, there was one figure whom I shall put last because I ought to put it first. It was the figure of a contemporary and companion of all that world of culture; a close friend of Meredith; an artist admired as artistic by the esthetes and even by the decadents. But Alice Meynell, though she preferred to be esthetic rather than anesthetic, was no esthete; and there was nothing about her that can decay. The thrust of life in her was like that of a slender tree with flowers and fruit for all seasons; and there was no drying up of the sap of her spirit, which was in ideas. She could always find things to think about; even on a sick bed in a darkened room, where the shadow of a bird on the blind was more than the bird itself, she said, because it was a message from the sun. Since she was so emphatically a craftsman, she was emphatically an artist and not an esthete; but above all, she was like that famous artist who said that he always mixed his paints with brains. But there was something else about her which I did not understand at the time, which set her apart as something separate from the time. She was strong with deep roots where all the Stoics were only stiff with despair; she was alive to an immortal beauty where all the Pagans could only mix beauty with mortality. And though she passed through my own life fitfully, and though her presence had indeed something of the ghostly gravity of a shadow and her passing something of the fugitive accident of a bird, I know now that she was not fugitive and she was not shadowy. She was a message from the Sun.

The foregoing article in expanded form is to constitute one of the chapters of the Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton to be published this Fall by Sheed & Ward.

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A Lexicographic Triumph

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Compiled at the University of Chicago under the editorship of Sir William Craigie and James R. Hulbert. Part I, A—Baggage. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by J. B. DUDEK

THE collecting of material for this monumental dictionary began eleven years ago with the arrival in this country of Sir William Craigie, the distinguished co-editor of the "Oxford English Dictionary," and since his arrival in America professor of English at the University of Chicago. Such a dictionary, to paraphrase the words of the publishers, must include, of course, every word, phrase, and peculiar usage which originated in this country since the first colonial days. Slang, since it is one of the chief sources whence a language is constantly enriched and represents the creative instinct of the *polloi* just as new literary and scientific terms represent the creative faculty of the scholar and scientist, cannot be ignored; but, because of its comparatively recent origin and ephemeral character, and also because any full treatment would necessarily give it a place disproportionate to its historical value as compared to older and more important features of the language, must play a minor part in the completed work.

> Compiled on this basis, the dictionary will, to a great extent, embody the history not only of American speech but of American culture. The successive changes in modes of life and work, the vogue of particular customs and fashions, the approximate dates of their beginning and in many cases of their ending, will be shown. The growth and distribution of the more important American industries, with many of the details connected with them, will receive special illustration, as also will the terms of politics and the social order, which are so closely connected with the development of new ideas.

The labor, physical as well as mental, involved in assembling a dictionary realizing these ambitions is prodigious. An almost incalculable number of books must be read, sometimes actually combed, for single words or for some special use thereof—volumes of prose and verse by not only well known authors but even the obscure, who are frequently richer in native language than those of the first rank—from the seventeenth to the end of the nineteenth century. (For practical reasons the words and senses included are restricted to those in use before 1900, though illustrations thereof from the first quarter of the present century are not excluded.) Local records, whole collections of early documents, personal diaries and letters; dull, dreary, dismal congressional, state and municipal, army and navy, and such like reports and records; magazines, newspapers, even the advertisements, and other printed matter likely to contain expressions not to be found in ordinary literature; early school and college text books, and all sorts of specialized works in the arts and sciences, almost without end, must be painstakingly searched and examined.

The first part, just to hand, of this magnificent dictionary extends from *A* to *Baggage,* takes up xii + 116 large pages, and equals approximately one-twentieth of the projected whole. As a sample of the complete work, it bids fair to fulfil all the hopes and ambitions of its editors and

Disraeli

SIR WILLIAM CRAIGIE

the desires of every individual interested in the study of American language, literature, and history. Beside it the combined pioneer efforts—meritorious withal—of Pickering, Bartlett, Schele de Vere, Farmer, Clapin, and Thornton pale into insignificance: it overshadows them as the Empire State Building might tower over a prairie sod hut. It should delight the heart of the eminent Mr. Mencken, no mean authority on the subject of the American language himself. Hackneyed superlatives altogether fail even in beginning to express one's admiration. Here we have a dictionary that is no mere catalogue or reference work in spite of certain outward resemblances, but one that can actually be read, pleasurably as well as profitably. The printing is beautifully done on a superior grade of paper. Excepting prefatory portions, the page consists of two columns. A convenient system of lettering and symbols is used, and, once the reader has familiarized himself with that, he is tempted to read the dictionary straight through. Can more be said in commendation of a dictionary? I shall not pretend to have read, word for word, even this first published part; but I must confess yearning for leisure sufficient to yield to the temptation. (I respectfully offer this as a suggestion to promoters of Bible-reading marathons!)

The general Preface, printed in Part I, begins with an explanation that a comprehensive historical dictionary of American English, including and illustrating by dated quotations every word current in the spoken or written language from the time when the first English-speaking colonists settled on these shores, is neither practicable nor contemplated. Hence, one will have less luck finding the word *aardvark* than Noah, in the recent screen version of "The Green Pastures," had finding the animal, and *abacus,* listed in every dictionary of any size that has ever come under the present reviewer's observation, is consistently missing. One can hardly imagine a dictionary without *abacus* and *abracadabra!* Otherwise, within the limits that the compilers have set for themselves, there is to the present portion a completeness and a tone of authority which fill one with almost reverential awe.

Yes; even in the compilation of a dictionary, there can be art. Of the science, in the present instance, there can be no doubt.—So, without sentimentality, to continue.

Each part, as it appears, is to have a separate Prefatory Note. That to Part I explains that, as in any English dictionary, by far the greater number of words beginning with A are of an abstract character, so it is no matter for wonder that a great many are considered here. The largest group of words denoting actual things consists of the names of animals, or of trees and other plants. At least fifty of the latter—not counting more than forty which have the adjective *American* prefixed—require special notice. "These range from common words like *alder, almond, apple* . . . through those less familiar, as *absinthe, agrimony, amaranth* . . . up to the purely botanical names *ailanthus, althea.* . . . Some of the genera, and many of the species, are purely American, and have their history exhibited here for the first time." Among the animal names there is that of a fish: *alewife.* Certainly no one, seeing that queer word for the first time, would suspect its being American at all, yet it is exclusively so. That *angleworm* originated in this country almost compels doubt, as also that the word is only a little over a hundred years old.

Natural and artificial products, domestic articles, buildings and parts thereof, contribute their share of thing-names and derivatives, all of which, if not utterly unknown in England, have special senses in this country. *Alkali, anthracite, ash-hopper, arctics, apple-jack, accommodation, ambulance, aisle, annex, addition,* and *agricultur(al)ist* are but a few of the words cited as deserving spe-

(*Continued on page* 16)

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Here is history come to life—not history in terms of famous names, not a historical novel in the accepted sense, but in a vivid, purely fictional story of a typical American family from the time of its founder, hard-drinking, high-living old Hendrik Van Huyten, down to the present. The story opens with the beautiful wild setting, the pioneer atmosphere, the stirring action that makes one think of James Fenimore Cooper. Then, in two generations, the frontier is a village, the Van Huytens are a gallery of widely different personalities, and the swift, crowded chronicle becomes a novel of such lively, real characters as might have been drawn by an American Fielding.

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A Lexicographic Triumph

(Continued from page 14)

cial attention; as to the attention given them, *alkali* consumes, eventually, nearly a column and a half. *Und so weiter!*

That proper names like *Alabama, Algonkin, Alleghany, Arizona,* and *Arkansas,* and their derivatives—*Alabamian,* etc.—should receive adequate and exhaustive treatment is, of course, to be expected; but, as an example of the thoroughness with which a word is investigated, let us take *African,* in the meaning of "Negro." There is listed the distinctively American use of the noun as a synonym even for the figurative nigger in the woodpile! Among the quotations to prove its use there is reference to the honorable "Congressional Record"!

The legal vocabulary under A seems not to have been particularly enriched by neologisms, such as *affiant,* but forty or more familiar English words have acquired slight modifications of meaning or have come into more general use in America than in the old country: *e.g., administrator, advocate, affidavit, appellant, appraisal, arson, assault, assises, attorney.* Singularly enough, *alienation* is discussed solely with reference to property, alienation of affections not being specifically mentioned. Considering the frequency with which newspapers nowadays record alienation of affections as grounds for a divorce scandal, one is prone to wonder if affections are property in the usual American understanding of that word, or whether both the thing and the name for it were known to the British more than three centuries ago, or if alienation of such intangibles is too modern to have warranted separate illustration.

Governmental administration and, especially, politics, as might be expected in a country overrun with politicians, have begotten many new terms as well as more uses of old ones; likewise society and social life, religious interests and movements, and education. Commerce, industry, and finance do not, in the A-section, play as large a part as they undoubtedly will under other initials, but representative contributions are to be found in *accommodate, accountant, adventurer, air-line, appreciate, assay, auction-block, et al.*

Colloquial words and phrases, distinctively American either in origin or present usage, abound, ranging from entries under *about, all, along, any, away,* and other such seeming commonplaces, to those of more definite type, as *aboard, absquatulate, acrost, ahead, ain't, alive, almighty, ambition, A No. 1, a-plenty, attackt,* and the overworked *awful,* to cite but a few of special interest, whether per se or as accommodated to the purposes of the vulgar *Americano.*

About twenty words from the Spanish, which is said to be the only foreign language making contributions of note includable in the A-section, are listed, among them being: *acequia, adobe, alamo, alfalfa,* and *arroyo;* the Indian (the 100% American!) tongues, excepting proper names, are represented by two specimens only.

The B-section as printed so far only goes to *baggage,* or, more exactly, the compound *baggage-room,* this latter being purely American. The words under B, in general, designate things rather than abstractions, and their distribution differs greatly from those in the preceding section. With the exception of *badger,* for instance, names of animals are less frequent and relatively unimportant. *Baby-carriage, baby-house, back* (both verb and noun), and various compounds of *back,* are a few random examples of what is included. When the whole section of B-words is available, a better appreciation will be in order.

There is, in the fragment of the "Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles" thus far published, abundant evidence (if that be required) that the American language is quite different and distinct from its parent. The mass of evidence will undoubtedly grow as the work gains momentum; and, by the time it is completed, the proof of the thesis will be overwhelmingly conclusive. *Prosit!*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 128)

THOMAS HEYWOOD—
"PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY"

Pack, clouds, away and welcome day!
With night we banish sorrow,
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
To give my love Good-morrow.

Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing.
To give my love Good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Characters from a Complex History

THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS. By M. Coryn. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

THIS is a very interesting and well written historical novel treating of the early leaders of the House of Orleans. Except for the history of Italy in this same period, there is no more complex history than that of France from the late fourteenth century to the opening of the Renaissance. Miss Coryn has provided a clear, consecutive, and entertaining narrative of a time that is too little known to most readers of history. There is not a dull page in the book, and while one may regret a few attempts to render the style a little more lively (which is, indeed, unnecessary) the general effect is pleasing.

Miss Coryn's character portrayals are particularly good. The character of Louis, Duke of Orleans and brother to the unfortunate King Charles VI, is sympathetically and accurately drawn. Philippe le Hardi of Burgundy stands out in true and bold relief. Perhaps Miss Coryn is a little unjust to John, Duke of Berry, book-collector and art patron. He was selfish and acquisitive to a marked degree, but his influence in encouraging a revival of arts and letters was of great importance in the history of France.

The later chapters treat of John, Count of Duxois, the Bastard of Orleans, of the delightful Duke Charles, the ballad-maker, and of the earlier career of Duke Louis, the future Louis XII who was to be known to his contemporaries as the "Father of the People."

John M. S. Allison is professor of history at Yale University.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
SEVEN SLASH RANGE *Bennett Foster* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Real live folks, this time, mixed up in an Arizona range war with Cody Venture, U. S. Marshal coming out on top. Seems like the McCoy.	Longhorn
STORMALONG GERT *Martha Banning Thomas* (Green Circle: $2.)	Novel	Watery grave for hubby; wifey takes the wheel. Nova Scotia storms and fish hold no terror for 'lil Gert when a noble cause is at stake.	Salt Water Taffy
LORDLESS *E. G. Kneen* (Putnam: $2.50.)	Novel	Gobelin by the yard. Mongolian honey, relict of Tamerlane, takes it on the lam with Dominican Friar with inhibitions. The complications last fifty years.	For Decorators Only

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Francis Brett Young's

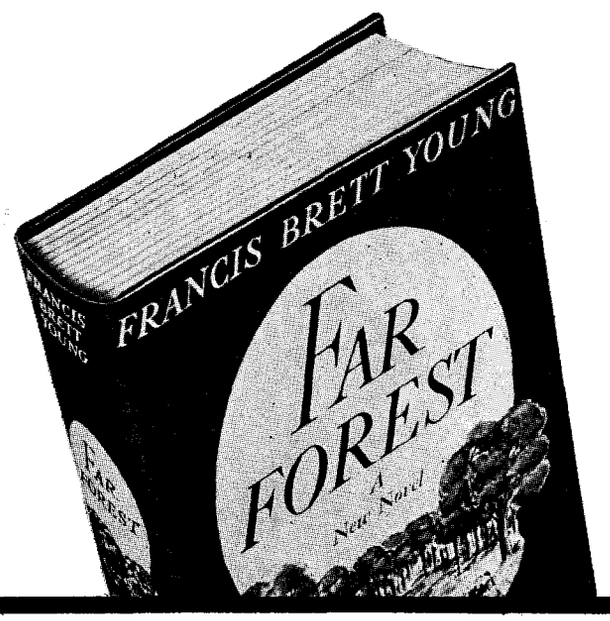
superb new story

FAR FOREST

By the Author of "Mr. and Mrs. Pennington," "The Redlakes," etc.

HERE is another fine novel to add to *My Brother Jonathan, Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, The Redlakes* and that long list of distinguished work which has given Francis Brett Young a high and secure place in English letters.

Far Forest unfolds the appealing story of a boy and girl, born under the blight of the Black Country, who escape from the literal shackles of the chain-making industry and find a quiet haven in the far forest where their forefathers had long lived. It is recorded with insight and unflagging interest, and reveals Mr. Young at his best as an interpreter of English life in its many facets.



"The smoke from the colleries, the narrowness and thought of the peoples, and finally the beauties of the rolling hills, clean rivers and the hop fields, seem to seep through the cover, so deftly are they portrayed," says the United Press. *Far Forest* is representative of the art of a master story-teller — a book which Saturday Review readers will not want to miss. Just published; now at all bookstores. $2.50

Reynal & Hitchcock

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A London Letter

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

"IT may, perhaps, amuse my readers to learn the history of the following 'Bagatelle'; which is, briefly, this. It happened, that on a fine morning, in the early part of last spring, having just recovered from the languors of an indisposition, I strolled forth through the fields, that lie contiguous to my habitation; and, feeling greatly revived by the genial warmth of the air, and the fresh and blooming aspect of every object around me, I could not forbear, on returning from my walk, to express myself in terms, perhaps too enthuiastic, of the beauties of the country, and the pleasantness of the scenes, over which I had rambled."

Can you, as the author would not have said, beat it? Doesn't the leisure, the care, the slow satisfaction, the choice arrangement of that passage make modern writing look pretty lousy—too quick, that is (or am I thinking of the flea?) and definitely unwhiskered? The paragraph I have quoted is the first in Mr. William Fox's (Junr.) introduction to his work "La Bagatella or delineation of home scenes, a descriptive poem in two parts, with notes critical and historical"; published in 1801 by T. Conder, Bucklersbury; and E. & C. Rivington and J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church Yard; and printed by Bye and Law, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. I picked the book off my shelves one afternoon when I was feeling foul—I beg Mr. Fox's pardon, when I was still suffering from "the languors of an indisposition," and I found "La Bagatella" a most admirable pick-me-up. As a poem it is a remarkable exercise in the art of sinking. Mr. Fox accomplishes pretty well the whole distance under water; occasionally a finger or a dank forelock appears, for an instant, above the surface—when he borrows a line or two from Milton or Thomson; but most of the time he's safely down below, blowing bubbles. You hold your breath in fear and sympathy, but William Fox Junr. never bursts. He is letting himself go in verse, which would not disgrace the talents of the ornithorhyncus paradoxus, about the splendor of some of London's northern suburbs, Islington, Hackney, Dalston, Shacklewell, Canonbury; and any present denizen of these parts can make himself feel sore in five minutes, if he merely glances at "La Bagatella." It is true he did not like Hoxton. He calls it "moping" and "senseless" and yet even in Hoxton

> The chandler's, where, in broken windows lie
> Commodities of ev'ry medlied class,
> Whether to eat or drink, for use, or wear,
> Shews on its front, in plain broad characters,
> That "Ladies are genteelly taught within."

But he is all for Islington, where was the New River on whose banks Charles Lamb lived, in whose waters George Dyer stept,

> For thither, then, from London's hectic town,
> Her fam'd chalybeates oft allur'd the sick.
> Her fresh lactarian draughts the babe sustain'd.

William Fox did not shirk from the duty, so strongly urged today on our poets, of writing on themes other than poetical: and he anticipated some of our most esteemed bards by giving an apparatus of notes to explain his allusions or quotations.

It is, indeed, in Mr. Fox's notes and commentary that the modern reader, if he is lucky enough to find a copy of the book, will find most delight, sustenance, and entertainment. The man is a thoroughly likable fellow. He had a passion for the English country and for all the poets who have written nature poetry, from Milton to Southey. He appears to have missed "Lyrical Ballads" (which had come out in 1796), though he claims that Ambleside is "one of the most beautiful villages in England." He has, too, numerous parallels between English and classical poetry; English and classical scenery. He apologizes for comparing the roads at Canonbury to "Afric's marching sands"; but insists that the summer of

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1800, when he wrote, was "one of the hottest and driest ever known in England"; and that the dust *did* march "for miles together." As all English authors of this time, he had a passionate attachment to Italy, even when he disapproves of her, as in his note on Baiae.

> Here, indeed, Luxury seems to have reigned in her most licentious refinements of all kinds, while the principal amusement of the place consisted in sailing upon the gulph in gaily-painted barks, accompanied with all the melting softness that exquisite wines, fine women, and rapturous music, could bestow.

There is a certain nostalgia, a trace of *desiderium* in that, I think, tho' I am sure William Fox is sincere when he describes his pleasure when

> With prattling nephew at my side, I trudg'd
> Thro' heat or cold, to pass the frequent day

at Islington. For he loved the country and deplored the noise and the multitudes of London.

> Fashion, that most arbitrary of all tyrants, keeps or conducts almost every one now to crowded scenes. The time we pass in cities must be among multitudes; and if we go into the country for relaxation, it must be to the crowded watering-place. For there is the rural retreat deserted, although the hand of taste, as well as the charms of nature, had contributed to render it, in every view, desirable.

What would Mr. Fox say now? I wish some publisher of enterprise would reprint his work.

If "La Bagatella" were reprinted, no better editor could be found than Alan Pryce-Jones who has just published "Private Opinion." Pryce-Jones was for a time assistant editor to Sir John Squire on *The London Mercury;* he has written poetry, some travel books, and a biography of Beethoven; but in this miscellany he has produced his best book. He has just moved to Vienna; and when his books arrived there, and he was putting them on the shelves, he had the brilliant idea of recalling the past events in his own life associated with the different volumes. So here he has written a kind of autobiography, delightfully free from formality, in which his boyhood, his college days, and his life in London are surveyed with a lingering rapidity. The journey, that is, from point to point is done swiftly enough; but where the car halts at an inn, there is no great hurry to get away. "Private Opinion" is one of the pleasantest personal books I have read for a long time.

Another Welsh author who has come to his own is Geraint Goodwin. He was a friend of George Moore's, and his first two books not only showed signs of Moore's influence, but were largely about Moore. His new one—a novel with a poor title "The Heyday in the Blood" is a regional story of Wales: it is fresh, quick, moving, and thank God! humorous, although Goodwin does not shirk either the tragedy or the pathos of his people's lives. It is the best novel of Welsh life since Hilda Vaughan's "Here are Lovers."

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE is a long poem in the middle of Edgar Lee Masters's latest volume ("Poems of People," D. Appleton-Century Co., $2.50) a compact novel in verse, and a very good one, except that I don't like the title of the poem, which is the name of the heroine, "Iolanthe." Gilbert and Sullivan made that name peculiarly their own property; and, as Mr. Masters's poem is an entirely serious and moving one, I wish he had hit on another. Again he proves himself a good teller of stories, reminiscent or biographical. He ranges from that of Catullus to a winter visit to a hotel in Alpena, Michigan, a reminiscence of the characteristic old hotels of America. He seems at home everywhere in American history, whether he is writing of De Soto or Jefferson, of Martin Van Buren or Daniel Boone or the Battle of Gettysburg. He remembers old Chicago characters and the old bars. "Zelley's Bar" includes Paris, and another charming lady, and is another shorter novel in verse. "The Grandson" is one of the best poems of situation. There are many others that concern life's ironies. One reads the later Masters more for the matter than the manner. "Peace in Loneliness" and "Love of People" are two poems that will appeal to such men as have reached mature years. "The Open Door" is moving, on the old "triangle" theme. Masters has read enormously and experienced a great deal of life. His comments upon the past and present are therefore of more than usual interest. My own view of his technique is that it is inclined to be slipshod. He is rather the philosopher musing and moralizing than the artist trying to shape out of resistant material a work beautiful in its contours and elements, as well as full of meaning. He is at his worst, it seems to me, in his off-hand ballads of Lawrence and Perry. They are pretty near to doggerel. Were they genuine folk-poetry this might be excused; but they are the imitation, and the imitation demands something more. Perhaps the most significantly American poem in the book, at least one that lingers with me, is "Fall Plowing."

After the Limited leaves Elizabeth
There are few plowmen. Soon the sea-marsh smell
Drifts in from wastes of rushes, where the breath
Of the hidden sea defies the city's spell,
Until beyond the Palisades appear
The towers of broker, lawyer, auctioneer,
Where men make adding machines,
And plows and buy and sell. . . .
I have known travelers to say
After this journey, that amid the scenes,
And crowds around the Empire Building they
Kept like a sun-blot in their memory yet
A plowman against the fading light of day,
A black and haunting silhouette.

Masters seems to have large human sympathy. The poem on "Old Sport Campana" is an example of it; but he appears willing to recede into his memories, and to be rather remote from the world of today. He cherishes his nostalgias. This I can appreciate, but since at this time the calendar of events is so crowded and so much of desperate import is happening, I wish he were more articulate about the present. As it is he has added some portraits to his gallery and some stories to his books of tales. There is nothing so remarkable here as his recent poem on the King Cobra or even on the Seven Cities of America, but a good deal of it is native stuff, and shrewd commentary. Rhyme sets traps for this poet. In blank verse or free verse he is better.

A small paper-bound volume, "Grace Notes" (The Driftwind Press: North Montpellier, Vermont), is the work of Thelma Spear Lewisohn, the singer, wife of Ludwig Lewisohn. The first four poems are tributes to her husband, "Verses for Ludwig." I quote a part of the best of one of these:

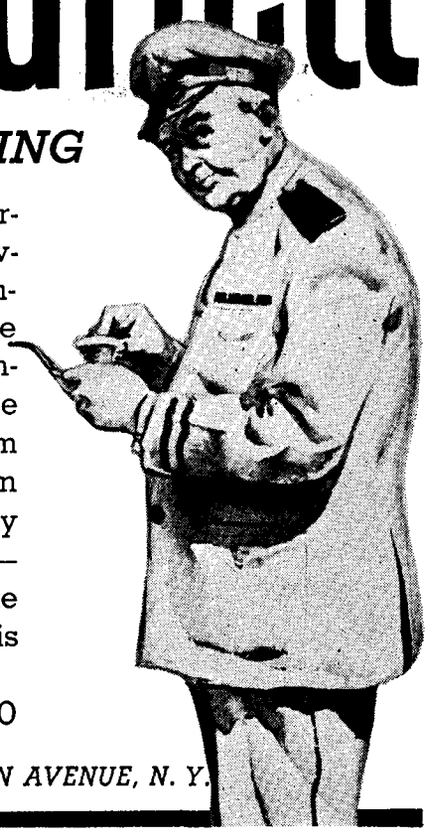
Well, you could like him or detest his way
Of ruthless thinking; grant—he lives his thought.
All things he writes have body and are wrought
As though in bronze by Rodin, built to stay.
Time may corrode his work; it will be still

New chills and thrills

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE CADAVER OF GIDEON WYCK

Dr Scarlett

by ALEXANDER LAING



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As metal mellowed by a rust, superb;
Envy nor malice could his mind perturb
Which dwelt serene on its appointed hill.

I fear that as a whole I must call the book mediocre in its poetic expression. It is facile work by one gifted as an artist in another medium, though indubitably sincere and spontaneous.

Working as I am at the moment, outside the city, newer volumes have not yet reached me; but my work happens to be the compiling of an anthology of American poetry, and it has occurred to me that such a practice (for one's private enlightenment only) might be a salutary exercise for young and uncertain poets. Reading through many books of poems, even of the best modern poetry, they would begin to realize how many things have been said over and over, and how infrequent is the poem of real distinction —they could almost begin to catalogue the facile phrases that continually reappear, the ways of saying things that bear no particularly individual stamp. To say a thing in your own particular and unmistakable way seems to be the hardest thing to learn. I have known people who had a definite and delightful personal idiom in conversation who could not seem to get it into the written word. The moment they sat at their typewriter or took pen in hand their words became strangely commonplace and stilted. I suppose there are many and various reasons for this, as various as there are kinds of people. Some of the best writers have been brilliant on paper and not much to talk to. There is another type too. A man I once knew wrote precisely as he talked, and that with most delightful idiosyncrasy. He never wrote books. I have sometimes thought that—granted that the art of correspondence has languished in this age—a remarkable anthology could nevertheless be compiled of the letters of people unknown to the World of Letters, people who never cared to commit themselves to print, but whose correspondence with their family circle and their friends reflected pronounced individuality. We think and speak much today of a communal world, but little emphasis seems to be laid upon the fact that the differentness of people should not be lost in such a world. Contact with others is most engaging and stimulating where each individual preserves his or her own particular flavor of thought and speech. An older society seems to have appreciated this fact more than we. Now we meet to do battle or vehemently to agree with one another's opinions. I like people. Half the time they don't know wherein their own charm resides. They mistake themselves for somebody else. And this happens frequently in the case of poets. They want to be *like* somebody else, because his or her work is the latest cry. It would seem to be easier for them simply to be themselves; but no, it appears to be much harder! A grave error. Then too, some poets want to be *like* poets of other centuries. Admiration naturally breeds imitation, but further than that—No, young poets; talk in your own language, so long as you make it communicable and interesting! And why say an accepted thing in a solemn way if you have any ideas of your own at all?

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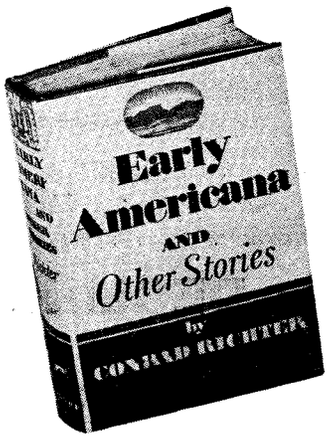

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BOOKS

A Painter's Career

OIL PAINT AND GREASE PAINT. By Dame Laura Knight. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"DAME LAURA KNIGHT" sounds eminent and dignified and as though this painter's career had developed in conventional and comfortable circumstances. Such is far from the case as one discovers the moment one dips into this unusually vital and vivid autobiography. Dame Laura's girlhood—her mother was a painter, and the child was precocious in the art—was full of poverty, unconventionality, and struggle. Hers is the story of an unusually brave combat against odds, though her mother's burning ambition for her, the optimism of the Derbyshire family against which the tide of fortune had turned, an inheritance of robust health, and a great natural talent mitigated somewhat the grinding poverty and the early intimate knowledge of death.

There were mementoes of grandeur, after the Grandmother had followed the loved sister and mother and Little Grandma; and "Sissie" and the author were left alone—

> We had asked to be allowed to retain enough furniture for our use, and some particular pieces of china—the "Worcester" vases and the enormous Crown Derby jar that Grandma used to fill with dried rose-leaves from Uncle's garden . . . a relic of the days when Grandma thought nothing of spending a hundred pounds or more on a piece of china.

Yet "We lived for several years mostly on porridge and tea and bread and butter—the only way of saving." Harold Knight, her future husband, was a strong bulwark in these days of poverty, but after going to Paris to study he returned ill and destitute.

Staithes, on the Yorkshire Coast, next had a "tremendous influence on work, life, and power of endurance. It was there I found myself and what I might do." Characterizations of the fisher-folk of Danish descent are fascinatingly given, and of the whole life of the fishing-village, not to mention life on the heights by Roxby.

After marriage the Knights lived for a while on Danby Moor, and the description of their journey up to London when they were both "hung" at the Royal Academy again particularizes the battle against odds. But how robustly and enthusiastically they sustained the artist's life. They went to Holland, then returned to the moor and Staithes. There were other visits to Holland, with which country they became very familiar; there was a productive visit to Cornwall. Significant now was Dame Laura's watching Genée dance at the Empire in London and Pavlova at the Palace. Then:

> It was after I painted my big picture of Dolly that we first saw the Russian Ballet, which created a furore in London. I feel sorry for anyone who did not see Diaghileff's first seasons.

She painted a big picture from her notes of Nijinski and Karsavina in "Pavillon d'Armide." She was to do more with the ballet and become the famous artist of the circus. Her high point of success came during the Great War. In 1919 after the Armistice the Knights went to London, Dame Laura to work backstage at Diaghileff's Ballet. Here, she says, "everything was glorious to paint." The anecdotes of these years, of W. H. Davies the poet, of Birmingham Repertory, of her visit to America, of Idjkowski, Diaghileff, Pavlova, Czechoslovakia, painting darkies in Baltimore, election, the Academy, the Olympia circus, and so on, fill most of the rest of the book. Such celebrities as Ellen Terry and William Orpen and Bernard Shaw appear in it. Always the narrative is richly pictorial.

Dame Laura Knight avers that her book is merely that of "just a hard-working woman, who longs to pierce the mystery of form and color." But it is actually far more than that. It is the life story of a great-hearted human being and an enthusiastic artist.

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By HEINZ LIEPMANN

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THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES *A. Conan Doyle* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.75.)	1323 pages of novelettes and short stories that age cannot wither, etc. Christopher Morley does the introduction.	A basic book for every detective story reader, a bedside book de luxe, and a magnificent doorstop—or weapon.	Necessity
THE CAMP-MEETING MURDERS *Vance Randolph and Nancy Clemens* (Vanguard: $2.)	Evangelistic faker slain with silver bullet in Ozark pulpit. Spinster editress and smart reporter spot the killer.	Pleasantly garrulous mixture of mountaineer superstitions, village gossip, sly humor, and rule-of-thumb detectiving.	Passable
THE CASE OF THE STUTTERING BISHOP *Erle Stanley Gardiner* (Morrow: $2.)	A murdered grandpa, a rightful and a wrongful heiress, a vanishing cleric, and Perry Mason doing his customary stuff.	For the first time in his nine cases Mr. Mason relies on sudden intuition to solve puzzling crime. Otherwise it's jake.	Ol' reliable

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The New Books

Biography

FOR DEAR LIFE. By Belinda Jelliffe. Scribners. 1936. $2.75.

Mrs. Jelliffe has poured out her heart to us. This autobiographical narrative of her girlhood is at once a confession and a case history. More than that, it is an imaginative reanimation of her past. Painful experiences, such as remain buried in the average memory, emerge in her book with melodramatic clarity. Conversations are recalled in profusion. Remembered faces appear in closeups so vivid as to be almost startling. Mrs. Jelliffe has a truly phenomenal power of recollection. There is a fascinating pertinence in the fact that she is married to the very psychiatrist to whom, as she tells in her book, she appealed for help at the climax of her turbulent youth.

Belinda Dan, as she calls herself, was a woman tempestuously planned. Born into the most primitive surroundings to a tragically silent mother and a "tornado sort" of father on a North Carolina farm where the charm of quilting parties and candy pulls could not relieve degrading poverty, it is not difficult to understand why this sensitive, self-willed child was filled with discontent. As she grew older and her family shifted fruitlessly from place to place, this discontent became a passion to better herself, a "lust" for education. Desperately, recklessly, Belinda pursued her dream—running away from home, begging and fighting and slaving her way through a peculiar but inspiring school, a weird year at an obscure college, and finally, after incredible vicissitudes, through nurse's training in New York. Always she was defensively conscious that "with human beings one had constantly to be on the alert lest they annihilate you."

But it would have been difficult to annihilate Belinda Dan. Whatever wind blew, she hung on "for dear life." If she was swamped, she invariably righted herself and tried another tack. Her luck was as great as her misfortunes. Apparently she was a magnet for fantastic personalities. Murderers, blackmailers, eccentrics, philanthropists, and millionaires would hardly fill her quota. The remarkable thing is that she has romanticized hospital work without tampering with the probabilities.

Mrs. Jelliffe is clearly out to make a sensation. She has plucked up great fistfuls of experience from her past and dangles them triumphantly in the air for all to view. She is confident that she will pique our curiosity and she does—enormously.

D. K.

Fiction

WAKE AND REMEMBER. By James Gray. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

Mr. Gray's novel has hardly the intention of light comedy, to be sure; but its author makes the most of a neat talent

(*Continued on next page*)

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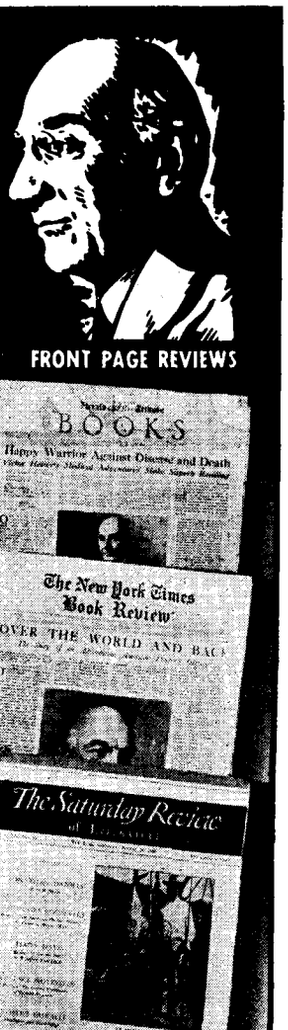

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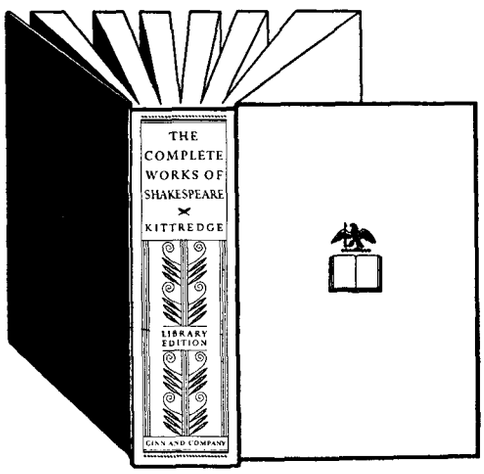

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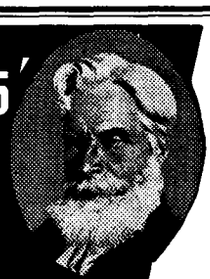

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

for dialogue in the Philip Barry manner, the self-mocking manner of modern introspective folk who take their lacerations with a twisted smile and a whimsical quip, as members in good standing of the emotional smart set. When his characters are not actually talking in that idiom his hero (from whose point of view the whole story is presented) is thinking in it. One consequence is that even situations of rather grim underlying purport and personal relationships of considerable subtlety are worked out at a brisk tempo and well within a vein legitimately to be called light reading. It is a combination, a touch, which can be relied upon to reward its virtuosos, of whom Mr. Gray is decidedly not the least.

His chief characters are urbane, not grossly wealthy, "summer people" in the Minnesota village of Genesis, once a roistering lumber camp, now little more than a vacation resort which drowses away nine months of every twelve. The story concerns a youngish widower, a man of acute, sensitive, at times slightly morbid intelligence. Life has been to him an irrelevant and bothersome dream for the year since the death of his wife, a woman so vital that the radiance of her memory blurs his perception of everything but his unique loss. Alec Rankin has all the right ideas,—for example, that his two lively sons, the older of them but ten, are already paying for his emotional lethargy. They need a real father; but to be a real father means being a whole man, and he cannot scourge or prod himself into coming more than half alive. Eventually life draws him from his circling back-eddy into its own mid-current, and that is the story.

"Wake and Remember" is a thoroughly mature novel in its general underlying import, its unashamed presentation of a wholesome, sane, and saving American ideal. It is a rather immature one in that its wholesomeness is often too bright, too breezy, too facile, too ready to substitute witticism and wisecrackery for the hard exigencies of character development.

W. F.

A TIME TO REMEMBER. By Leane Zugsmith. Random House. 1936. $2.

A strike of white-collar workers in a great New York department store forms the core of Miss Zugsmith's new novel, providing excellent material for this shrewd chronicler of the metropolitan scene. Beginning in a somewhat conventional fashion with the detailed case-histories of certain Diamond Store employees, the uncertain grip of the narrative tightens later in the book, and it becomes far more convincing as the genesis of the strike is described. When the climax is reached, the author presents a sufficiently objective picture of the activities on both sides, though her sympathies are obviously with the handful of determined workers in their fight against the Diamond management. The book is designed as an honest piece of realistic fiction, avoiding the self-conscious tone of propaganda in spite of its highly controversial subject matter.

No doubt any novel wholly centered

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about a problem of such immediate social import is necessarily limited in its significance, but Miss Zugsmith has perhaps concentrated her narrative unduly. The experiences of a small group of characters, closely inter-related, are given us instead of any general impression of the store, the strike, or the issues involved. These people are well drawn. The Slavic Matt Matthews (born Mathuscheck), the Latin Doni Roberts (born Roberto), the Jewish Aline Weinman, the American shoe salesman and scab Ralph Leamy,—all are recognizable figures. But what the book gains in human interest by telling their stories at length it loses in force and sweep as a document for the history of our times. The author of the "Studs Lonigan" trilogy has shown that it is possible to write a novel of the American proletariat which is effective as a narrative, yet not afraid to face economic facts without resorting to the usual euphemistic formulas of fiction. Unfortunately, Miss Zugsmith does not follow his example. However, if her book must be denied first rank, it is not primarily because it is lacking in scope, but because she has mechanized and motivated her story a trifle too glibly. It fails almost entirely to take into account the indeterminate, unpredictable quality of everyday life. Even in the appallingly overorganized world of the modern department store, the unexpected must play a greater part than it does in the pages of Miss Zugsmith's book, and must often do more to reveal the secrets of character and behavior than it does in the brace of romances given us by the author. "A Time to Remember" is a competent performance, but it is not the novel that the conjunction of subject and writer should have provided.

T. P., Jr.

NOAH PANDRE. By Salman Schneour. Furman. 1936. $2.50.

Salman Schneour is forty-nine years old and has been writing in Hebrew and Yiddish since he was eight. Although he has been ranked by his large Jewish audience with Sholom Asch, and his work has been available in French, German, and Russian, this is his first book to reach us in English. "Noah Pandre" was an exceptionally felicitous choice. Not only is the translation by Joseph Leftwich admirable, in its retaining of the salty Yiddish idiom, but the story itself is first rate evidence of Schneour's capacities. It is an almost legendary tale of a Jewish villager of prodigious strength, a latter-day Samson, a kind of Jewish Paul Bunyan or John Henry. About him Schneour has built a narrative that is composed of all those bold, imaginative incidents which a repressed people likes to attribute to its heroes (we ourselves have heard some of these episodes, told about one or another imaginary figure), as well as the solid virtues, honesty, faith, patience, to which they cling for salvation. We follow the adventure of Noah as a wild, passionate butcher's apprentice, as a coachman in the black forests of Russia, as a prisoner, unjustly condemned, among Tartary's worst criminals. Schneour's character studies, of Simchah Tureru the butcher, for instance, and Sender the coachman, as well as of Noah and Mary, his wife, are masterful. So also are his richly colored, vital descriptions of the Jewish village, the boisterous earthiness of its private life and the studied stoicism of its relations with landlords and rulers. Schneour's easy, swift writing is equally successful in its analysis of one man's simple emotions and its ranging over the larger scope of racial attitudes and experiences. It is clear that the rest of his works are bound to provide a valuable addition to our literature of translation.

N. L. R.

WE HAVE BEEN WARNED. By Naomi Mitchison. Vanguard. 1936. $2.75.

The dilemma of the British intellectuals, who want their socialism but want it unalloyed with violence or hatred, is here very thoroughly restated. Less scintillant than Mr. Aldous Huxley's recent probing of this same dilemma, Mrs. Mitchison's novel is complementary to his. She fills in much that he only outlined, and her Tom Galt is in some ways a more typical and credible figure than his Anthony Beavis. Galt is an Oxford don and Labor candidate, impatient of undermining compromises with such things as the Means Test, spurning Eddington's pious physics, holding to his difficult position between the complacent Oxford liberalism and the harsh logic of the communists. But along with all of his earnest laboring in committee rooms and party meetings, speeches and canvassings, while reactionary forces grow stronger to hamper him on the right and the communists harry him on the left, that dilemma forces its way to the center of the stage, demanding to be solved.

Mr. Huxley emerged from it by way of love; "the palpable and obvious love of man for man" is Spender's phrase for it, quoted by Miss Mitchison. She herself verges upon a similar declaration, but no, she's not sure. There are dark portents, she says, we have been warned. To Dione, Tom's wife, comes a terrifying flash of fore-vision at the end. First the victory of the Labor Party, not a MacDonald victory but the coming in of the real socialists, legal power to the workers. Then the reaction, the negation of the ballot by the club, the "Specials," British fascist shock-troops after the best Continental models. This last prophetic section is very brief, coming like a coda after five hundred pages (which would have gained by pruning) of political and local atmosphere, but the whole agonizing question is there, still to be answered. Mrs. Mitchison's book ought to be read in conjunction with "Eyeless in Gaza."

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

THE ROLE OF BRITISH STRATEGY IN THE GREAT WAR. By C. R. M. F. Cruttwell. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1936. $1.60.

Mr. Cruttwell's charm of brevity and his sprightly pen have in no way prevented his hundred pages from being an authoritative, impartial, and accurate survey of British strategy in the Great War. Without the acerbity of Briand who complained that "modern war is too seri-

(*Continued on next page*)

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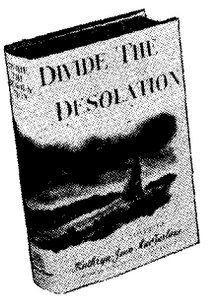

"*Mr. Heathcliffe and I are such a suitable pair to divide the desolation between us.*"

Divide The Desolation, by KATHRYN MACFARLANE, which is published this week by *The Inner Sanctum*, takes its title from this sentence on the first page of EMILY BRONTÉ'S *Wuthering Heights*.

EMILY BRONTÉ wrote only one novel and a handful of poems. Yet these were sufficient to give her immortality. And in this novelized version of her life, the quintessence of her genius is revealed.

Divide The Desolation is the story of EMILY from her seventh year to her death in 1848, at the age of thirty. Through the mind of EMILY herself it tells of her brilliant, tempestuous family—of CHARLOTTE, whose conventional tastes and preference for writing about pretty-pretty heroines (who never spoke or acted "coarsely") resulted in *Jane Eyre*; of EMILY'S love and understanding of diffident, mouse-like sister ANN; of her adoration of the one who did most for her, meteoric brother BRANWELL.

But most exciting of all to the reader is the conception, the maturing, the final flowering of the idea of *Wuthering Heights*. It is in these passages that one sees genius at first hand. Its seemingly insurmountable problems, its sudden ecstatic bursts of inspiration, its final triumph—these become the reader's problems, the reader's ecstasies, the reader's triumph.

While working as a library assistant in the University of Hawaii, MISS MACFARLANE spent two years reading and rereading every book she could find about the BRONTÉS. Then, from March, 1935, to January, 1936, she devoted every weekend, every holiday, and her one spare morning each week to composing her book. Not the least amazing feature of *Divide The Desolation* is this background from which it springs: the tropical setting of Hawaii. To paraphrase EMILY DICKINSON she never saw a moor, yet certain is she of the spot as if it were given.

In an effort to multiply the already growing interest in *Divide The Desolation*, *The Inner Sanctum* offers a first edition copy free to the reader sending in the best letter of not more than 500 words telling why he or she wants to read this novel based on the life of EMILY BRONTÉ.

—ESSANDESS.

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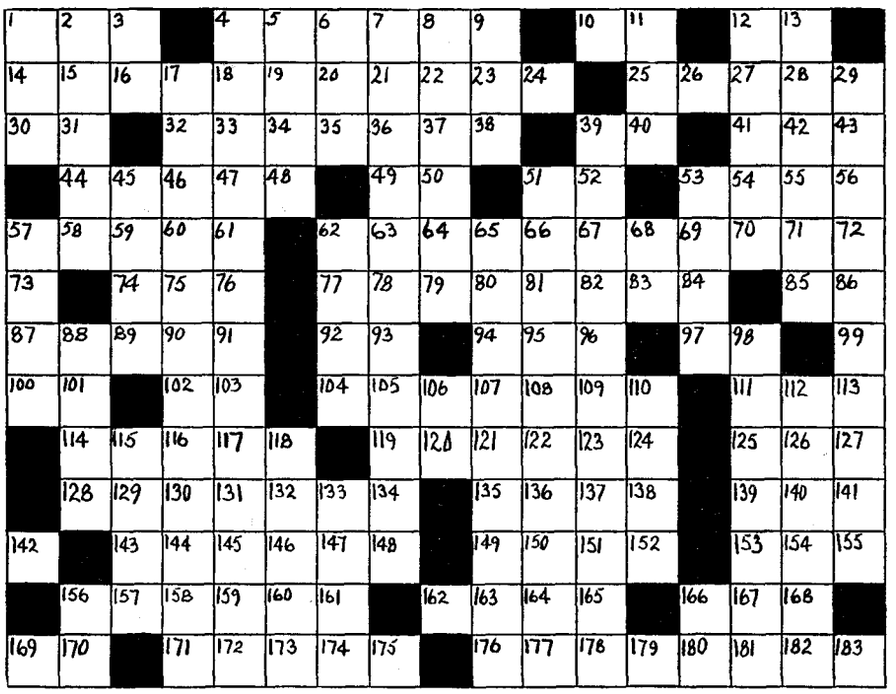
Double-Crostics: No. 129

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Troubling by frequent occurrence.

II. Surname of hero of Tchaikowsky opera.

III. Author of "Pamela."

IV. Marginal note.

V. Churlish fellow.

VI. First name of II.

VII. Decrease.

VIII. English historical novelist (1805-'82).

IX. Opera by Charpentier.

X. One who believes that the Universe is God.

XI. Article of clothing.

XII. Meadow.

XIII. Faithful swineherd of Odysseus.

XIV. Cave-dweller.

XV. Enthusiastic reception.

XVI. Musical instrument.

XVII. To consume too much.

XVIII. Disreputable.

XIX. Athenian comic poet (444-380 B. C.).

XX. English poet (1819-61).

XXI. Practice of spying.

XXII. Pertaining to communist doctrine.

XXIII. Consequence.

XXIV. Dwarfishness.

XXV. Artlessly.

WORDS

107 151 15 182 172 59 48 69

52 13 3 26 136 161

175 122 72 138 167 42 134 90 109 29

74 50 12 168 96 102 100

128 145 113 33 6 76 183 43 171 152

142 112 118 174 94

39 105 23 84

25 108 169 93 135 140 35 51 2

101 170 57 159 30 127

53 41 71 1 166 131 28 148 158

115 130 47 87 176 55 70 31

16 73 80

133 49 146 153 40 116 81

137 126 95 44 78 111 121 155 165 34

5 46 20 64 89 11 61

4 129 65 103

88 67 86 132 147 120 21

54 97 56 104 36 9 85

125 141 181 7 149 177 77 163 27 110 79 124

37 119 160 82 10 150

8 106 143 22 60 19 68 24 179

17 99 83 63 45 38 117

157 14 162 123 180 91 66 98 173

75 164 154 92 58 139

156 32 18 178 62 144 114

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ous a business to be entrusted to soldiers," he makes it clear that war is not the concern of soldiers alone. It is likewise evident that the army and the navy are only a part of national power and that psychological factors are of paramount importance in an art in which human beings still count for more than machines. All these points require emphasis because coöperation of all available forces in war is essential. Mr. Cruttwell tells the sad story of neglect of this principle. For in the early years of the war Aesop's fable of the bundle of sticks was obviously not held in high esteem by the Allies. Sarrail's impatient remark at Salonika that "after all Napoleon was not such a great general, he only had to fight against coalitions" indicates this sufficiently.

Marlborough and Wellington, the precursors of French and Haig, it is true, faced a far worse situation in this respect. The background of all these continental wars was, however, much the same. There were always high sounding phrases about the freedom of Europe. But the balance of power and British self preservation were the real reasons for war. After 1914 the navy and resources of Great Britain played their traditional roles, but in the British armies of millions of men the various theatres of operations saw a hitherto unknown element of British strength. In spite of this, Mr. Cruttwell holds that the British "share in the determination of allied strategy on land remained surprisingly small. On the other hand, it is profoundly true that our policy at sea alone enabled a great deal of that Continental strategy to be put into force at all."

In 1915 the British Cabinet had an opportunity to make a decisive contribution to the strategy of the war. Great Britain, however, "subordinated herself to French strategy, and by so doing went far towards renouncing for the whole war her proper share in its direction, except in naval and economic policy." Mr. Cruttwell's keen analysis of 1915 is equalled by the skilful presentation of the long struggle that culminated eventually in the substitution of unity of command for the disastrous individualism of earlier years. Mr. Cruttwell proves himself an honest and able guide in the terra incognita of British strategy in the World War.

Lt.-Col. D. A.

Brief Mention

A particularly attractive anthology is Sir William Beach Thomas's *The Squirrel's Granary* (Macmillan: $2.50.) This is a countryman's anthology of verse and prose (mostly brief poems and brief prose extracts) from a wide literary range, foreign as well as English and American. It is a good gift book for people who love the country. * * * Dr. Marie C. Stopes had added another volume to her extremely useful series. This one is called *Change of Life in Men and Women* (Putnam: $2.50). * * * In honor of the distinguished anthropologist, Alfred Louis Kroeber, his students and associates issue a volume of *Essays in Anthropology* (University of California Press: $6.50).

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PERSONALS

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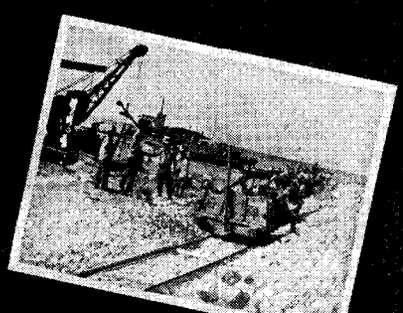
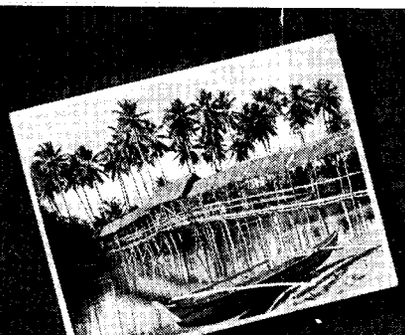

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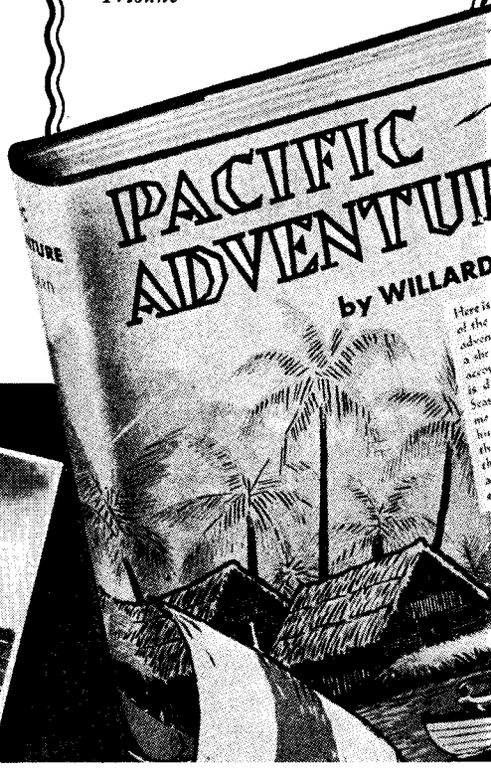

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